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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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MODERN SERMONS.

The truly modern preacher
  Discusses every fad
That comes to public notice,
  If it be good or bad.
He speaks with graceful accent
On "Should Our Hair Be Dyed?"
Or tells his congregation
  "The Proper Way to Ride."

He wails "The Curse of Checkers,"
  Or "Why We Leave the Farm!"
But none has used this topic,
  "Turn in a Fire Alarm."
He talks on "Modern Writers,"
  Or "Can Our Votes Be Bought?"
And sometimes he's just lovely
  On "Thoughtlessness of Thought."

Some day an innovation
  Will suddenly be sprung—
Some conscientious preacher
  Will turn his silver tongue
To words of hope and Heaven,
And grace his voice will fill,
And we'll get more religion
  And less of vaudeville.
—Baltimore American.

PASSING.

Low in the West the daylight dips,
While by the pool the Summer stands,
With stain of purple on her lips
  And scarlet flowers in her hands.

Within the watery mirror there,
  Narcissus-like she sees her face,
So pale, so sweet, so mortal fair,
  And lingers spellbound by its grace.

The morning red is vanished now,
The splendor of the noon is gone,
And, like a veil on cheek and brow,
The wreathed mist is clinging wan.

A breath from meadows shorn exhales,
  A sigh goes down the forest ways,
The dryads of the woody vales
  Are mourning for the passing days.

And Summer hears the warning note,
  As by the reedy pools she stands,
Her fading tresses all afloat
  And scarlet flowers in her hands.
—Louise A. McGaffey, in St. Louis Mirror.

POLLY ROOT'S METAMORPHOSIS

There never was a girly girl one half so
  sweet as she
That little maiden of the ranch who
  played the deuce with me,
A jolly, laughing, full of fun, mis-
  chievous, pranky girl,
The jewel of the Mimbres range, a fair,
  unpolished pearl.
Her rippling laughter revelled up the
  bosom of the breeze,
Her song sent silvery shivers through the
  whiskers of the trees,
And every bird that heard her notes with
  jealousy grew mute
And wished the asthma would attack the
  throat of Polly Root.

Her eyes were bright and piercing as the
  optics of the skunk;
In their intoxicating light my soul went
  on a drunk;
The sunlight loved to nestle in the meshes
  of her hair,
The Junebugs loved to crawl across her
  feet, so brown and bare.
No untamed broncho on the range could
  give the maid the shake,
And riding at full gallop she could rope a
  rattlesnake,
And when it came to shooting not a
  shooter shot a shoot
So deadly as the shoots she shot, that
  keen-eyed Polly Root.

At every dance sweet Polly Root was
  there with both her feet,
And as a wall flower you can bet she
  never warmed a seat.
For every cowboy on the range was keen
  to get the chance
To tangle up their feet with hers and
  swing her in the dance,
"All balance heifers to yer stags!" the
  fiddler he would roar,
And Polly's pounding feet would raise
  big blisters on the floor,
And at the call to "Grab an' swing"
  you'd orter seen her scoot
Into the arms set like a trap to catch
  sweet Polly Root.

. . . . . .

I see the cultivated flower quite often in
  the town.
The form once hid in calico wrapped in a
  costly gown.
The feet and ankles once so nude in boots
  and silken hose,
And glasses held with golden chain
  astraddle of her nose.
The face her cowboy hat once fanned,
  the face once walnut brown,
Is now kept at low temperature by fan
  of fleecy down,
And on the cards she carries in a silver
  case so cute,
In steel engraven letters is the name
  Paulyna Ruytte.
—Denver Post.

EXTREMELY CURIOUS CASE OF HEREDITY

A curious case of heredity is afforded by the people of the village of Leigh, at the mouth of the River Thames. For generations, the men of this village have followed the calling of divers, and, though the place has only 2,100 inhabitants, the 900 of its sons engaged in working beneath the sea, scattered all over the world. Being brought up from early youth, from father to son, to the business of diving, the men of Leigh have remarkably developed lungs and ear drums, which have so adapted themselves to submarine conditions that they do not suffer, even at the beginning of their career, from the painful sensations which assail other men when they first go down in diving suits. The heart action and everything else seems to be adjusted to diving purposes with this race of people.

The world pays to the men of Leigh every year the sum of $700,000 for diving, and there is scarcely a country bordering on the sea where a man from the village cannot be found engaged in his hereditary labor. It is claimed that a Leigh man can stand 60 per cent more of this trying work than other men because of his peculiarly developed physique. After a man of Leigh has made a little competence, he returns to his native village to settle down and die. The divers' families intermarry, and so the breed of submarine workers is kept up. The Leigh people claim that they control the wages for diving all over the world, and that the village furnishes eight-tenths of the divers of the world.

TALL WINE GLASSES A NEW FAD

The glasses here represented are intended to supplant those ordinarily used for wine and liqueurs, and as they are designed in a specially attractive manner, they are quickly achieving this object in certain European circles. As can readily be seen, the most notable feature

of some of them is their extraordinary height. The stems of such glasses are naturally very slight and frail, yet they are wrought so skillfully and are so pleasing to the eye that many now prefer them to the old-fashioned glasses.

As these glasses are really works of art in their way, a high price is obtained for them.—New York Herald.

OVER THE THRESHOLD.

—By Permission of Harper's Weekly.

REMARKABLE STATUE UNEARTHED AT CAGLI

Some remarkable bronze statues have just been acquired by the National Museum of Rome, says the New York Herald. By mere chance they were unearthed some time ago in a field near Cagli, and were at once purchased by a local society. In old days Cagli was known as Callis, and near the spot where

the statues were found was fought the great battle in which Totila was defeated by Norsen. Several high mounds of earth are also near the spot, and, according to some historians, they are the tombs of ancient Gauls, while, according to others, they are the last resting place of Carthaginians who had fallen in battle.

That the statues are of great antiquity there are many indications, the general opinion of archaeologists being that they were fashioned during the fifth century before Christ. They are all bronze and conspicuous among them are some which portray Mars in superb fashion.

One of the most interesting of the statues represents a young gymnast balancing himself, and it is a striking proof of the importance which was attached to such feats in the days of old Rome. As a work of art also this statue deserves to be placed in the first rank.

As soon as it became known that these bronzes had been discovered, several European and American collectors offered large sums for them, but the owners declined to dispose of them to any foreigners and finally sold them through the minister of public instruction to the museum in Rome for the nominal sum of $3,000. That this was really a nominal sum may be seen from the fact that more than one foreign collector offered a similar sum for a single statue of Mars.

KIND TO TENANTS.

"Uncle George" Pollman, of Macon county, is a big-hearted Missourian who displays his philanthropy in a modest but practical way. He has a number of tenants on his land, and settlement day came recently. Just before its arrival he wrote to each of them, inclosing canceled notes and a receipt in full. He told them that he wished them to understand that they did not owe him anything; that all he should ask the present year was that they take good care of their families

AMERICAN SHOES OVER IN EUROPE

A riot in Vienna in opposition to the introduction into Austria of American boots and shoes is a novel feature of Uncle Sam's expanding foreign market for manufactured exports. It calls attention to the increased American exports of footwear.

In 1895 American exports of leather goods of all kinds were to the value or $15,600,000, of which boots and shoes contributed $1,000,000 and harness and saddlery $200,000. In 1896 they were to the amount of $20,000,000; in 1897, $19,000,000; in 1898, $21,000,000; in 1899, $23,000,000, and in 1900, $27,293,000.

Of this total the the item of boots and shoes has formed a steadily increasing amount. American manufacturers securing in this field constantly new markets. The figures are as follows:

1895	$1,010,000
1896	1,400,000
1897	1,708,000
1898	1,816,000
1899	2,710,000
1900	4,275,000

The foreign market for boots and shoes made in the United States has quadrupled in the last four years, and the increase is going on, so that the complete figures for 1901 are expected to show a total of $5,000,000. Formerly American boots and shoes were sent to Australia, England, Canada, the West Indies and Asia, but recently the increase has been largely to the continental countries of Europe, to which previously boots and shoes of American manufacture were sent only in small amounts.

The Treasury figures for 1901, the year ending July 1, show an increase of $700,000 compared with the preceding year in the exports of American leather and leather goods, whereas there is a decrease in iron and steel, petroleum, copper and cotton manufactures. Leather is the only commodity which has an increasing foreign market this year, and boots and shoes constitute a considerable item of this.

TOBACCO UNDER THE BAN OF LAW

There are a few tobacco haters of the present day who sigh for the return of the time of old when the use of the weed was punished as a crime and the users ostracized from society. Both the use and the planting of tobacco were forbidden, the cultivation of it being permitted only in small quantities, "for necessity, for physick, for preservation of the health and that the same be taken privately by ancient men." But the "creature called tobacco" seemed to have an indestructible life. Landlords were ordered not to "suffer any tobacco to be taken into their houses" on penalty of a fine to the "victualler" and another to "the party that takes it."

The laws were constantly altered and enforced, and still tobacco was grown and was smoked. No one could take it "publicly," nor in his own house or anywhere else before strangers. Two men were forbidden to smoke together. No one could smoke within two miles of the meeting house on the Sabbath day. There were wicked backsliders who were caught smoking around the corner of the meeting house and others on the street, and they were fined and set in the stocks and in cages. Until within a few years there were New England towns where tobacco smoking in the streets was prohibited, and innocent cigarette loving travelers were astonished at being requested to cease smoking. Mr. Drake wrote in 1737 that he knew men, then living, who had had to plead guilty or not guilty in a Boston police court for smoking in the streets of Boston. In Connecticut in early days a great indulgence was permitted to travelers—a man could smoke once during a journey of ten miles.

Why He Quit.

"I thought you were given a job in the public service because of the work you did for the party."

"I was, but I quit."

"Why?"

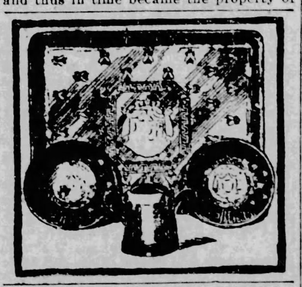
"Why! Why, hang it all; they're getting so blamed particular now that they want a fellow to work for his salary."—Chicago Post.

NAPOLEON'S TEA SET FOUND IN AMERICA

Mexico is hardly the country in which one would expect to find any souvenirs of Napoleon, yet a notable relic of this kind has just been found there.

It is a tea set, fashioned of the famous Sevres ware, which was manufactured for Napoleon in 1806. Its color is bleu du roi, and it is stamped with the imperial arms, the bees and decorations being in old gold. In every detail it is as perfect to-day as when it left the factory, and as to the date of its manufacture there can be no question, since it is clearly indicated by a red mark on the back of each piece.

Whether the emperor used it much or little is not known, but after his death it passed into the possession of his heirs, and thus in time became the property of



Louis Napoleon. During his reign it remained in Paris, but after his death it was purchased by an Austrian merchant from the executors of his estate at Chiselhurst, in England. The Austrian took it to Vienna and soon received a handsome offer for it from a firm of jewelers in Mexico City, which he accepted. The new owners retained it in their possession for several years, but finally disposed of it to Mr. F. B. McKercher, assistant general manager of the Mexican Central railway.

For the last few years, many admirers of Napoleon in Europe and elsewhere have been wondering what became of his beautiful tea set, and the news of its being located has attracted unusual attention, and is impelling several persons to ask whether there may not be other Napoleonic relics in Mexico.—New York Herald.

HOW BAD WEATHER AFFECTS DIAMONDS

The weather has a marked effect on the appearance of diamonds.

"Here is a lot of diamonds," said an expert recently, "on which I am asked to pass an opinion. I have been waiting several days for proper weather conditions, for I am anxious to make no mistake, and cannot trust artificial light, and this damp, murky weather is likely to mislead me. The purest white diamond will, on one of these dark, foggy days, take on a straw shade, and to all appearance be off color. No one is safe in examining a diamond except on a clear day. Then you must be careful of the surroundings, for the stone will take up tints of walls and ceilings, and you you will hardly recognize your diamond when seen under different conditions."

Entirely Safe.

Teddy—Won't you come and see our new baby?

Old Maid Teacher—Yes, dear, when your mamma is better.

Teddy—O, but it ain't catching.—Oswego (Kan.) Democrat.

European Items.

In a recent number of Das Land, Prof. Gaedertz comments on Bismarck's predilection for the Dutch language, which he liked, though he did not speak it fluently. He was proud of a sixteenth-century Dutch Bible which he owned, and one day he remarked that his inclination to use Dutch phrases gave occasion for a duel. When he was a student at Gottingen he used to say ick ooch. A Hanoverian told him that he must say ok instead ooch. On word led to another, until finally the philological question had to be decided with the sword.

Herr Eduard Suss, the famous geologist, has just celebrated his seventieth birthday in Vienna. Congratulatory telegrams were received from the Geological Society of London, of which Herr Suss was elected for eign correspondent in 1863, and foreign member in 1878. He received from this society in 1896 the highest geological award which the society could bestow. Herr Suss vacates the professional chair at the university, according to Austrian law, at the age of seventy. He retired from political life several years ago.

The collection of drawings by Victor Hugo which Paul Meurice—whom the poet referred to in his will as his most faithful and devoted friend—intends to give to the city of Paris, together with the other contents of his Hugo museum, belonged at first to Mme. Drouet. At her death they were bequeathed to her nephew, a German philologist named Koch. Hugo tried repeatedly to buy them back, but Koch refused to part with them. Paul Meurice attempted the same thing, and after fifteen years he succeeded. These drawings show that Victor Hugo had considerable talent as a caricaturist.

Many Alpine accidents are due to the eagerness of tourists, as well as natives, to get specimens of edelweiss and other rare flowers that grow in dangerous places. Prof. Karl Oderfer, of Pressburg, is one of the latest victims of this folly. With some friends he was making the ascent, from Veldes, of a peak 4,500 feet high, when he saw some edelweiss flowers at the edge of a precipice. He stooped to pick them. He slipped, exclaimed jocularly, "Hopla!" and tried to seize a bush. He missed it, however, and fell down 1,500 feet into an abyss, where his body was found in a terribly mutilated condition.

The late Dr. Taylor Brown, of Edinburgh, whose death has just been announced at the age of ninety, used often to talk of the time when society in Edinburgh was led by the men whose genius illumined the early numbers of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews. Sir Cockburn especially he had the greatest love and affection, and revelled in reminiscences of his humor and wit. He remembered Sir Walter Scott, too, and used to relate how, not long before his death, he had met him in Princess street, where he was struck by Sir Walter's "nobility of countenance and expression" that, after passing on, he felt impelled to turn and reverently admire.

The BACK WOODS MAN — A Story of the Revolution.

BY H. A. STANLEY.

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CHAPTER XIX—DISGUISE AND DANGER.

I cannot relate anything of the first battle of Stillwater, or Bemus Heights, except by hearsay, for the reason that from the 14th to the 22d of September, I was in the region south of Albany on a scouting expedition. On this trip, which I accomplished alone in the disguise of a Dutch farmer, I had many narrow escapes, but no adventures worth relating. I had been sent out through the influence of Murphy, who seemed a leading spirit in Colonel Morgan's command.

Briefly, the situation was this: Burgoyne had swept down from the north by the Champlain route, comdent of success, until Stark took the conceit out of him at Bennington. In fact, prior to this, he had all along been boasting that with an army of ten thousand he could march from the St. Lawrence to the Caronnas; and he the world's best military authority. It merely shows how little the British knew of the mettle of our forefathers and backwoodsmen. He had nearly or quite that force when Stark tackled Baume's men, but he knew from that time forward that he had underrated the spirit if not the number of his adversaries. Then followed the first battle of Stillwater or Bemus Heights, and while it was called a draw, Burgoyne lost more than we did, and within the next few weeks lost twice as many more from desertion.

Of the second battle of Bemus Heights I am able to speak more authoritatively, however. For two days before the battle of October 7th, we had been longing for it, but could not draw the enemy on. Burgoyne was evidently awaiting reinforcements from the north, or a co-operative movement from Clinton at the south, and Gates was either too cautious or too slothful to attack him. Even before the first battle of September 19th, both sides had thrown up certain rude defenses, but during the three weeks following, these had been increased and made stronger until now ours, at least, seemed well nigh impregnable. To the entreaties of Arnold and Morgan, made soon after the first engagement, Gates made reply that he had been placed there to check Burgoyne's advance on Albany and not to do more. Thus matters stood.

As I sat talking with Murphy on the morning of October 6th, we saw Arnold and Morgan in close conversation. Soon an orderly summoned Murphy, and from where I sat I could see the three in conference. The two small, dark men—Arnold and Murphy, seemed talking at the big blonde, Colonel Morgan, and he with folded arms and sober face, seemed listening as if half convinced, yet in doubt. Finally he turned and looked toward me, then nodded and Murphy started on a swift run. As he neared me, he beckoned excitedly and as I hastened to meet him, exclaimed in a low, cautious tone: "You've me to thank, ye Dutch omadhoun. It's another fine job I have for ye. Git yer owld rifle now an' take yer silf over to the kurnel's tint. He's a job fer ye that'll make ye the most conspishus man in the army or I lose my guess."

"Conspicuous you mean, Tim?"

"Divil a bit o' difference does it make, me bye. Don't stand there a chewin' on worruds. It's deeds ye be havin' the fine chance at. Hustle along wid ye now."

I secured my rifle and went with him to the colonel's tent, in which I found the colonel with Arnold, who seemed almost as much excited as Murphy. "Come in, Tim," called out the big colonel kindlyl as Murphy hesitated at the door. Murphy entered, and we both stood waiting while the officers pursued a confidential conversation in a low tone, meanwhile looking me over.

"And so your're this man Ehlerson I persuaded General Gates to send south the other day?"

I bowed, saluted, and said nothing.

"Murphy tells us that you can talk German?"

"Yes, sir. Low Dutch. I speak it passably."

"Could you play the part of a Dutch farmer, do you think?"

"Yes, sir. I think I could. I was brought up by one. That was the character I assumed when down the river, and it passed."

"Well! The idea is this: We want to bring on an action here. Certain of the officers, including myself, have a plan by which we think it can be done, but you must promise us on your sacred word of honor, that no matter whether you succeed or fail, you will not tell a soul that we sent you?"

"I do promise, sir, and my word is as good as any oath I can take, for I would die at the stake before I would break it."

"All right. I believe you and I hope you will come out of this safely, for you are too fine a man to die yet. I believe from what I saw of you in a scuffle with the boys out here the other day, that you are by far the strongest and quickest man in the army, and Murphy tells me that you are also as quick of wit as any in our force, too."

"I thank my friend Murphy for his recommendation, and you for believing him, sir. I will try and prove your opinion just if you give me the opportunity."

"I've no doubt you will, Ehlerson; and now listen, while I outline your work. You are to get out of camp to-night, make the rear of Burzoyne's army and enter his camp as a refugee from up the Mohawk. You have been ill treated by our men in search of recruits, and you want to get where you can get even. You have important information that you overheard, while the Americans were eating at your house, which information is to the effect, that about two o'clock in the afternoon to-morrow, Burgoyne is to be attacked by my men. I will have some of my men out here in the woods along the hill back of Freeman's farm at that hour, and to make your story seem plausible they will be dodging about among the trees. These you are to point out and get the enemy to fire on if possible. We dare not fire first, you know, for General Gates has forbidden it. You see our idea is that if we can open an engagement, Burgoyne can be captured, but General Gates thinks not, and will wait until Clinton comes up and harasses our rear, unless something is done. You are to further talk with the German or Hessian troops as much as you can and the burden of your song is to be, that while you hate the Americans and regret to see it, you must admit, from what you have been able to learn, that 300 Hessian deserters have, within the past three weeks, come to the American camp. They have been well received and are far better off than those remaining will be if Burgoyne's army is captured, as it is the intention of the Americans to treat all prisoners in a way that shall retaliate for British treatment of Americans. Having done this, you may be compelled to enlist in order to get where you can talk—you must watch your opportunity and escape. If you succeed in bringing on an engagement, use your own judgment about going into a fight on that side. However, if you are compelled to do, have no fear. Every one of Morgan's riflemen will be instructed, as soon as the battle commences, not to fire at a big man with a white bandage about his head. I think that is all; and now, my lad, I wish you success in this desperate venture and a safe return. Did we not deem it necessary, you may be sure we would not send you on this hazardous expedition. Good luck and good-bye!"

As I shook hands with the big Virginian, looked into his moist eyes and saw the workings of his face, I realized what a lover of good men he was. I remember, too, that General Arnold was much affected, but both he and Murphy seemed to take a more sanguine view of things than did big tender-hearted Morgan, and, while I am sure that neither could have been braver, both certainly showed less concern. In company with Murphy, I left the officers talking, and went to our tent to prepare for the trip.

Murphy's aid I now secured an an old leather bonnet, such as Sir William Scotch and Palatine help used to wear about the Hall farm, a suit of gray homespun and woven woolen, consisting of knee breeches, shirt and overshirt, the latter worn loose outside my belt. In the belt was as large a knife as I could find an excuse for carrying—a young sword. Murphy called it—and from one of our companions Murphy borrowed an antique Dutch pistol, carrying a ball as large as the end of my great toe. This weapon had been found in a deserted farm house up back of Schuharie, by the lender, some weeks before, and while it was nearer a cannon than a pistol and of little actual use, it went well with my disguise and character. By the time this outfit had been collected, it was 3 o'clock and I lay down to think a bit. I can always think best when lying on my back and so remained in that position until darkness came on. Then I called Murphy in and bade him good-bye. He was very anxious to know my plans, but, as I had been unable to think any out, I was obliged to tell him so, and to depart without any definite course in mind.

I made a wide detour over back of the devide and at midnight found myself well to the rear of Burgoyne's lines. Here, in a small clearing, I found a cabin, a sheep fold, and a barn of hay. I knew the country well, having hunted deer over it when a boy, and was confident that I was not more than five or six miles from Burgoyne's western abatis. The sight of those sheep put an idea into my head. I went to the corner of the fold, pulled a log to one side—something few men and none but the largest sized bear could have done—and catching a fat wether slung it on my back and made for the woods. I was careful to make the break in the fold look as much like bear work as possible, and, as the grass was thick about there, knew that I had not left any trail that could betray me. Carrying the sheep to the very top of the divide, I killed it with my knife and dressed it as neatly as I could, by the early morning light. Then, having carefully hidden all traces of the butchery and eaten my breakfast, I shouldered the carcass, about 8 o'clock, and made straight for the rear of the British lines. Owing to my burden and the difficulty of making my way down through the woods, it was fully 11 o'clock before I got near enough to be halted by the first British picket. He presented his gun and demanded the countersign, whereat, in as blundering a fashion as I could assume, I began telling him a long rambling story in mixed Dutch and English, interspersed liberally with Dutch oaths and curses on the thievish Continentals. I pretended ignorance of all that was said to me, and struggled wildly to impress him with my desire to sell my mutton and enlist to fight the Yankees.

A crowd soon collected around me and, escorted by a crowd of jeering redcoats, I made my way to that position of the line occupied by Riedesel and his Hessians. For some reason or another, it was some time before the Hessian commander could see me, and there, for nearly two hours, I remained, keeping a fast hold on my sheep, which the teasing regulars kept trying to get away from me. To all their chaff I turned a deaf ear, so long as they spoke to me or of me in English, but to every Hessian that came near, I told, in excited, sputtering Dutch, a story of my wrongs at the hands of the Americans, and vowed that I wanted a gun, a sword and a uniform, in exchange for this, the last sheep the thieving Americans had left me. I was uneasy, as my wanderings brought me near the Tory quarters, lest some refugee from the Mohawk valley recognize me and so managed to make toward the tents of the regulars again. Here I met the very danger I had avoided elsewhere and in this manner:

I was just finishing my story for the twentith time, when I heard a voice I well knew and, as I half turned to look, beheld Sheriff White, the man I had knocked down and run away from at the time of the murder of my uncle, three years and three months before. Fortunately, I recognized him in time to collect my wits and did not pay any attention to him as he came up to within six feet of me and, standing there, exclaimed:

"Yes! By heavens, it is him! Old Hans Diehl's big boy Pete! Pete, where've you been all these years?"

My heart was thumping heavily and I am confident that my face grew pale, but I did not look at him or act as if I heard him.

CHAPTER XX—BEMUS HEIGHTS.

Had my nerve failed me when Sheriff White accosted me, I know not where this adventure of mine might have ended—probably at a rope's end; but luckily I kept my stolid cast of countenance, and picking up my sheep again, began cleaning it of some leaves and moss which the mischievous regulars had thrown upon it.

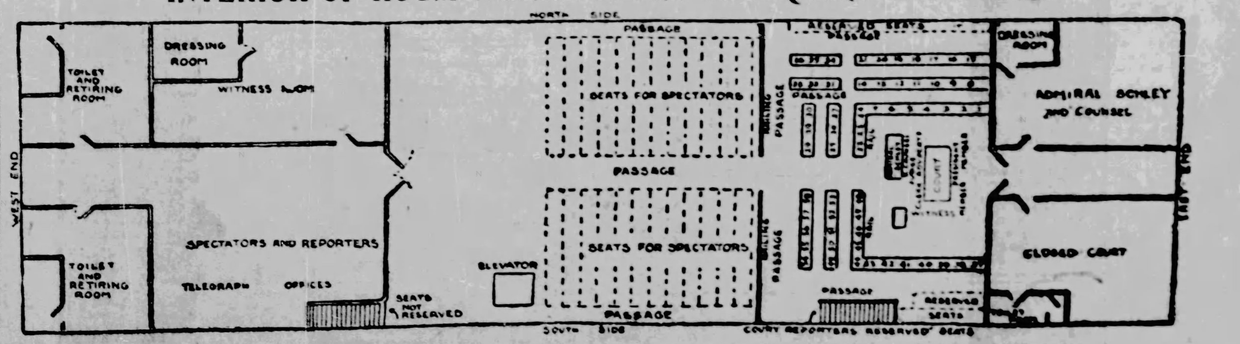
As I paid no attention to him, he advanced nearer, and, looking me square in the face, repeated his question. I looked up from my work and grinned as foolishly as I could, laid down my sheep, pulled off my old bonnet and addressing him as "General," as I had a halt a hundred others before him, began gabbling at him in Low Dutch and offering him my sheep in exchange for the sword, gun and uniform I wanted. My evident innocence—I looked him straight in the eye as I talked—clearly astonished him and caused him to doubt his own judgment, for after listening a moment, he changed to a confident look which he had worn for one of confusion, and backing away, swore roundly under his breath, at the same time declaring that he never saw such a resemblance in all his life. He understood but little of Low Dutch, and calling to him a private who could converse with me, listened to the fellow while he interpreted my story. I had luckily located my residence twenty miles or more from his residence, else he must have known the deceit even then. As the yarn was finished, he walked off muttering and wagging his head.

Soon after Riedesel came from the direction of Burgoyne's headquarters in company with General Fraser and another officer, whom I now suppose to have been Phillips, and to these I offered my sheep and my story, including information that was of great importance if true. Even Riedesel did not understand my Low Dutch and the regular who did was again called upon to act as interpreter. Several of the Brunswickers standing near had heard what I had said and from their looks and actions I was confident that they, more than all others, feared an attack and would at the first opportunity follow those of their fellows that had ere then deserted to the American lines. Sheriff White meanwhile stood by, and even after Riedesel had ordered me paid for my sheep, and a gun, bayonet and ammunition had been given to me, kept eyeing me, until I was relieved by a summons to go with my interpreter to the officers' headquarters, where I insisted I must be when I gave out the alleged important information. Here, while awaiting a further hearing, I was served with food, which my new acquaintance informed me was growing very scarce, and as I stuffed my mouth full, I kept jabbering excitedly about my wrongs. I told how I had been robbed of my flocks and herds, how my brother had been forced to go with the Yankees as a shovel man, and how I had barely escaped with my last sheep.

It was sometime after 1 p. m. when I finally gained a second hearing. Waxing even more mysterious and excited, I led Riedesel and the others to a little knoll, some distance toward the American lines and as I talked of the attack I claimed to have heard planned for to-day, I pointed toward the neck of woods where Morgan had agreed to have some of his men show themselves. This point was nearly a mile distant from the west wing of the British intrenchments, but was now hardly more than half that distance from us. I explained how the riflemen were to watch from it and await a flank movement from the wooded heights, yet farther to the northwest, when they were to charge across.

"And does this man mean to say that Morgan's riflemen are in these woods,

INTERIOR OF ROOM WHERE COURT OF INQUIRY IS SITTING.



fight across the creek?" asked General Fraser.

"Yes, General. They propose sending a detachment around through the shelter of the woods along this side hill, right up here and when we are engaged in that direction, they will charge across, hoping to get within a close shooting distance before we can form."

"We'll checkmate them there then," declared the general. "We'll put out a line of marksmen well in front and clear to the top of the ridge, with orders to fire and retreat. The Americans will naturally follow, and if they do, we'll charge up the hill and cut them off." Almost immediately he issued that order, and I saw his best Canadian sharpshooters making for the woods farther back along the hill.

This was not what I desired by any means, and it was promptness I had not foreseen; nor had my friends counted on it. That they would be drawn in seemed almost certain. I must in some way prevent it. I was puzzling over this unexpected problem when I saw a detachment of at least a dozen of Morgan's men skulking in and around a point of brush, not more than three hundred yards from the knoll on which we were standing. That they had come farther in toward the lines than Morgan had planned, I was quite certain and that they were unaware of the larger force circling around upon the side hill seemed equally plain to me. Something must be done and that at once. I did not hesitate, but raising my musket, pointed it in their direction and making sure it was sighted too low to hit anyone, pulled the trigger.

This was the very thing the British did not desire. They preferred bringing on the fight as they had planned. As I turned therefore, after the shooting and pointing my smoking gun at the woods began jabbering again, it was to find three very indignant officers. Fraser in particular was so angry that he struck me with the flat of his sword and ordered me back to camp. His command had hardly left his mouth when I saw a patch of cloth fly from his left coat sleeve. The thought flashed upon me that Murphy was firing upon him, for I had heard him say only the day before that he would rather kill Fraser than Burgoyne, he and Morgan agreeing that if the British army escaped, it would be under Fraser's leaden, even though Burgoyne received credit for it. The thought that I had led this gallent officer out here to be killed so shocked me, that, forgetting my role, I now bawled out in my every day English: "Down, General! Down! For God's sake, down! They're shooting at you!"

All present were astonished at my sudden change of dialect and looked from one to another in amazement, until the general recovering himself first, rushed at me with drawn sword, shouting: "What does this mean, you rascal? Are you a spy?"

Before I could make answer a burning pain had seemingly cut my head half in two and as I fell, I heard the crack of another rifle in the thicket opposite. The bullet had reached me before the report did and like the first, must have been aimed at the general, for it had cut his conspicuous uniform in another place, before glancing along my scalp. With a German oath Riedesel called out: "Come on, General! You're surely their target. If this fellow is a spy, he won't spy any more. His own comrades have killed him."

I remember hearing all this, and then for a few seconds I was blinded by my own blood, which, running down into my eyes over my face, must have rendered me a ghastly sight. I had sense enough to lie low on the knoll, until I could tie a large white handkerchief about my head, when I scrambled to my feet and started on a run toward our lines. It was well for me that I was so far advanced toward my own friends else I must have been shot down by the Canadians. At first I staggered and reeled along, making a hard mark to hit. Then I gathered strength and momentum and ran well. As I ran, the Canadians put bullets all around me and three through my shirt, which hung loosely outside my belt. I soon reached the shelter of the point of woods and was there received with cheers. Then, dodging from tree to tree, like the rest, I began loading and firing. My new Hessian musket did not suit me and I passed the word to Mercer, a private whom Colonel Morgan used that day to carry dispatches to the rear, to send my own rifle to the front. This he did, and within thirty minutes from the time I left the knoll, I had my own equipment, and was putting the best of shots into the British ranks.

That shot I had fired from the knoll, had precipitated the Second Battle of Bemus Heights, just as Morgan, Arnold and Murphy had anticipated; and at three o'clock the fight was furiously raging. Of course, I can never forget the smallest incident of this my first great battle. It was a glorious October afternoon. A strong southeast wind, blowing up from off the face of the Hudson, rolled the sulphurous smoke in great surging masses, up into the woods on the higher ground, and on over to the west. It has been said that the smoke hid the battlefield most of the afternoon. This is a mistake. It did hinder marksmanship up in the woods, into which Fraser had so promptly thrown his Canadians and had it not been for Morgan's powerful whistle and voice, either of which could be heard above the roar of the cannon farther eastward, or the constant spiteful cracking of rifles nearer, his men might have been lured too far and cut off. As it was, I hastened to him at the first opportunity and in a few rapid sentences informed him of that danger. When I found him his sword was at his side and with his long deer rifle in hand, he was darting about among the trees, shooting along with his men.

"Well done, my lad! You turned all hell loose over there, didn't you?"

As we talked, he hugged one tree, I another, and twice was the bark of my own tree clipped just above my broad shoulders. Oh, but there was close shooting that day, despite the smoke, and for nearly an hour we held the woods against all their best efforts. Finally there seemed a lull in the battle along our end of the line and the word was passed that we were to charge and drive them from their guns in the battery farthest west. In anticipation of this order, we worked from tree to tree, down as near the edge of the clearing as we dare go, and there lay in readiness, firing occasionally as a mark presented itself. Suddenly Morgan's sharp whistle rang out three times, and as this was the signal preliminary to some specific command, there was comparative silence. Then followed: "Murphy and the two Ehlersons, report to me here at once!" By the two Ehlersons and Murphy, I knew he meant David Ehlerson, I, Peter Ehlerson, and Tim Murphy, and from our respective trees near the edge of the wood, we ran toward him. Murphy, with his usual hardihood, ran across the circle of the wood through the open, and a volley of musketry from behind the knoll I had first shot from, showed that the enemy were watching us closely. Running like a hare, Murphy, with his usual luck reached cover safely, just after Ehlerson and I had reported to the colonel, for though farther distant, he had by this dangerous short cut made time.

"Boys, before we charge, I want you three crack shots to work up along through the woods, and knock Fraser off that horse. That is he riding up back of their line yonder, a mile and a half away. See him? There he comes out like the wind. We must down him before we make the charge, or we'll never dislodge 'em. Hurry now, and shoot to kill"

Almost before the words were out of his mouth, we three were running north through the woods. Despite Murphy's recent race across the open, he outran me in the woods and we both distanced Dave the first three hundred yards. The woods, a fourth of a mile north, ran out east a considerable distance, and into this point we made our way. As we came up over a little rise near the open, we could see Fraser galloping up the line straight at us, but as yet four hundred yards distant. No one had seen us, and evidently no one expected an attack

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Strong Again.

The woman who knows the full value of health is the woman who has lost it and regained it; the woman who from being weak and sickly is once again made a strong woman. Half a million weak and sickly women have been made strong and well by the aid of Dr. Pierce and his "Favorite Prescription." It cures the ills which weaken women. It regulates the periods, dries enfeebling drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It nourishes the nerves and so cures nervousness. It promotes a healthy appetite and induces refreshing sleep.

"I had female trouble for eight years," writes Mrs. L. J. Dennis, of 828 East College Street, Jacksonville, Ills. "Words cannot express what I suffered. I sought relief among the medical profession and found none. Friends urged me to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When I commenced taking this medicine I weighed ninety-five pounds. Now I weigh one hundred and fifty-six pounds—more than I ever weighed before. I was so bad I would lie from day to day and long for death to come and relieve my suffering. I had internal inflammation, a disagreeable drain, bearing-down pain, and such distress every month, but now I never have a pain—do all my own work and am a strong and healthy woman."

Use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets with "Favorite Prescription" if the bowels are inactive or irregular.

from that quarter, for it was a dangerous position because of the liability of being cut off from our left wing, by the enemy's right. Ehlerson and I sought each a tree trunk, but Murphy shinned up a sapling like a monkey, swung himself into a large tree, and as I handed him his big double-barrelled rifle, a weapon similar to my own, only a trifle lighter, called out: "I bet ye the price o' me gun, I git him afore yees."

I made no reply, but sought cover and an opportunity soon offering, shot at the horse. I could not shoot so gallant an officer. The distance was fully three hundred yards, but the horse reared and I knew I had hit him. Almost at the same instant Murphy's rifle cracked and as the general reeled and clutched at his stomach, low down, Tim called out: "I got him! 'Twas my shot, ye Dutch fool! If ye hadn't 'a made that harse rare as ye did, I'd 'a plumbed me man avin wid the shoulthers."

An instant later he was sliding down the tree, and we made our retreat, amid a rattle of musketry, the bullets singing about our heads and clipping leaves, twigs and pieces of bark from the tree trunks about us. We ran as fast as we could toward the center of our line, but before we could reach the point from which we had started, we heard Morgan's whistle shrilly sounding. Once! Then a pause. Then three quick notes and a yell that brought every man to his feet and sent him flying toward the enemy. I had paused to load both barrels, and so had Murphy, both of us panting like dogs, and the sweat running down our faces in streams. We finished almost together, and, with our comrades swarming along, somewhat in advance of us, broke into a run that soon put us with them. Just after we started, the Brunswickers, whom Fraser had been endeavoring to stiffen—something he had no right to do, by the way—fired a volley, which happily went well over our heads; and, without the loss of more than a half-dozen men, we swept on unchecked.

At this instant from our right rode Arnold on a big black horse, the very picture of war. Bursting from out a cloud of smoke and standing straight in his stirrups to wave his sword, he rode like the wind, his gallant steed flecked with foam, which showed white and lathery on his glossy sides and on the legs of the rider. He rode the horse right up where you would never believe a cat could have scrambled, and when I reached the top myself, was down below, cutting, slashing and parrying with superhuman activity and dexterity. Murphy was the first man to follow him; Nick Stoner, of old Schoharie, was second, and I was third. Once below, I had no time to see what others were doing. I shot twice into the huddled Hessians, and then trailing my rifle with my left hand, used my axe with my right, until a big German captain cut the handle nearly off with a downward blow of his sabre. I remember dodging back to avoid him, getting a prod from behind with a bayonet in the hands of a Hessian who was down, lunging forward in response to it, drawing the big knife, which I had not thought of before, and becoming a fiend incarnate.

The fight at that particular point was all over in five minutes, but during that time I must have committed murder a half-dozen times. That heavy knife was a terrible weapon, and I was frenzied with pain and the fury of war. My stalwart companions all about me, their frocks stained with blood and the grime of smoke, were similarly engaged. The enemy could not withstand us. They began to cry for quarter, and we all desisted. Out on our right we beheld Arnold, yet astride his horse, flying to head another detachment, but at that instant a ball struck his leg, passed through the horse, and horse and man went down together. Even as the British had rushed to bear the wounded Fraser from the field, so did we now rally about the prostrate Arnold. He was not in danger of capture, however for the British everywhere were retreating. In less than two hours from the time I fired that first shot from their lines we had them thoroughly whipped, and had not Arnold fallen as he did, we would have compelled their surrender there and then, for a further effort on our part must have meant surrender or annihilation.

There was great rejoicing in camp that night, and the only thought that marred our triumph was that the commanding officer, Gates, had not permitted us to follow up our victory.

To be continued.

—Twenty-five cents invested in five-grain antikamnia tablets will cause more happiness in your family than a brand-new piano, especially if any of the members of your family are suffering with headache or neuralgia. Get a dozen from your druggist and take two of them when suffering.

CARRYING RELIGION INTO LIFE

The Chinese cook, realizing the importance of the occasion and being especially distinguished for making fine cakes, determined his masterpiece should be a great cake. He asked his mistress if she did not think it would be nice to have a motto to ornament the frosted top of the cake, which was clearly intended by the cook to be as important from a decorative point of view as any other. She smilingly consented to let him finish his work in any way he might think suitable. His idea of having a motto with which to ornament the cake slipped her mind. When the big cake appeared she was amazed at the result. The cook was then regularly attending a mission Sunday school, and there he had found his motto, "Prepare to Meet Thy God"—Cleveland Leader

Elaborate Japanese Dolls.

Japanese dolls are usually most elaborately and gorgeously attired, for the princely families keep these toys and pass them down to their descendants. The brocaded silks for the doll robes are specially woven in miniature patterns on small looms. The wooden dolls are often beautifully carved and enameled.

Laughing in Persia.

In Persia the man who laughs is considered effeminate, but a free license is given to female merriment.

THE KEEPERS OF THE SEAL

I sing the song of labor, of the lowly
smelling soil,
The whirring of the spindle and the
whirling of the wheel;
The hand that guides the plowshare and
the rugged son of toil—
The sinews of the country and its weal.

For the pulses of the nation beat within
the sturdy arms
That are bared before the anvil, or that
wear an humble guise;
And the sentinels of liberty, the shield
from war's alarms,
Are wholesome hearts and honest-seeing
eyes;

Those who feel the sweat of labor ere they
break the wage of bread,
Nor covet goods beyond the pale that
bounds an honest reach;
But give to God the glory, and the thanks
that they are fed,
And rather live a principle, than preach.

Ah! God of heaven, pity for the chilling
drops that creep
In tortuous threads, where living
strength should swell the nation's
veins;
The sloth that cumbers progress, and the
useless drones who steep
The curse that follows idle hands and
brains.

I sing the song of labor, for the keepers
of the seal,
For a new day broke in radiance on the
warders of the land;
Clearer thought to those who ask it, healing
store to those who kneel;
To the sons of stalwart heart and horny
hand.
—Virginia Frazer Boyle, in Youth's Companion.

INSECTS THAT BUILD CIGAR SHAPED NESTS

Among beetles there are, says a naturalist who has been recently studying them, a few families which spend most of their time in constructing novel nurseries for their little ones. A nursery of this kind looks, at a distance, like a cigar hanging from a tree, but it is really a number of leaves which have been rolled by a beetle into the shape of a cigar.

In doing this work the little insect displays remarkable intelligence, for each leaf is rolled deftly and carefully, and nowhere in the hollow interior is there even a tiny hole to be seen. There is not a bird's nest to be found which

is more carefully constructed than one of these beetles' nests.

The so-called birch tree beetles excel at work of this kind. Beetles which infest vineyards also roll leaves in like manner, but, owing to the size and shape of the leaves of the vine, rarely succeed in doing very artistic work. Moreover, they do not join the leaves together by means of a sort of glue, as is the custom of the birch tree beetles, but use instead a cotton fibre, which they gather from the buds on the vines.

Other beetles closely akin to these do not roll leaves in this manner, and, on the other hand, there are beetles of quite different families which frequently make such nests. An example of the former kind is the sloe tree beetle, which lays its eggs on the fruit of this tree, and an example of the latter kind is the nut tree beetle, which also rolls leaves into the shape of a cigar, but not in quite the same manner as the birch tree beetle.

The reason why it works differently is because it is differently constructed. A very curious insect it is, with a red body, a very long neck and a head which is so small that it is almost invisible. Under these conditions it is naturally difficult for it to grasp a leaf and roll it into a circular form, as the birch tree beetle does. Still, it does the work after its own fashion, and though hardly as faultless a structure as the birch tree beetle's, a very neat piece of work it is.—New York Herald.

HOUSE ERECTED TO WITCHES' MEMORY

In Goethe's "Faust" the witches of the Hartz Mountains play a notable part, and with the object of still further perpetuating the legend about them, as told by Goethe, a building, known as the "Walpurgishalle," has now been erected on the very spot which popular imagination has always supposed to be the scene of their nocturnal revelry, according to the New York Herald.

The idea of constructing such a building originated with Hermann Hendrich, the Berlin painter, and it is he who has decorated it with five large frescoes, in which the legendary doings of the witches are admirably portrayed. The building itself is the work of the architect Bernard Sehring, and it is described by those who have seen it as being most artistic.

These witches, it is said, never held high carnival except in their great open

air hallroom, and it is here that the "Walpurgishalle" has been erected.

"There may be some witches still in the Hartz Mountains," says a German writer, "and they are not likely to approve of this desecration of their property. On the other hand, all lovers of art and poetry will be glad to hear that a "Walpurgishalle" has been built."

Heiskell's Ointment

quickly relieves and surely cures skin diseases. Get it from your druggist. Or a box by mail, postpaid.

HEISKELL'S SOAP makes a beautiful complexion. 25 cts.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., 531 Commerce St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"Your Ointment cured terrible running sores on baby's face. She now has beautiful skin."—Susie May Schell, 470 Mott Ave., New York.

Quickly Cures Tobacco Habit

Anyone Can Have a Free Trial Package by Sending Name and Address.

No More Smoke or Dirty Spittoons.

Men need no longer face the trying ordeal of swearing off from tobacco. A well known chemist of Cincinnati has discovered a remedy that actually offsets the desire for tobacco, stops the craving for cigarettes, spoils a cigar or pipe smoke and makes it impossible to chew tobacco. One good feature about this new remedy is the fact that it is tasteless so that ladies mix it in food, tea or coffee, milk or chocolate, and cure their husbands, sons or brothers without their knowing how it happened.

Any man who desires to quit using tobacco may now do so in a very pleasant but thoroughly effective manner without any suffering or nervous tension. The remedy is perfectly harmless, and anyone may have a free trial package by sending name and address to the Rogers Drug & Chemical Co., 259 Fifth and Race streets, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IMPERIAL CHINESE DOG IN AMERICA

Tai Tai is an imperial Pekinese spaniel, and as one of the pets of the Empress of China has many times nestled in her majesty's lap, says the New York Herald. This royal Chinese dog was taken from the sacred imperial palace of Pekin, after the flight of the empress and emperor, and is now at Vineland, N. J., the property of Dr. Corbin J. Decker, of the United States navy, who was appointed surgeon in charge of the international hospital at Taku during the Chinese war.

Little Tai Tai (the name in Chinese meaning "old woman") and two other puppies and their parents were taken from the sacred palace in August last by Lieutenant Wise, of the United States marine corps, when the allies entered. These sacred quarters were found deserted. In the hurried preparations made for departure these dogs were overlooked, and they were found by the Lieutenant in a dying condition. He took them to his quarters, fed them, and at the first opportunity sent them to the United States ship Monocacy, his father, Captain F. M. Wise, being in command.

Little Tai Tai was brought to the United States by Dr. Decker, who was for some time surgeon on the Monocacy. In passing through the Indian Ocean and the Suez canal the little dog suffered so much from the heat that it was found necessary to clip her hair, which is long and fluffy, and give her frequent cold baths.

The imperial Pekinese spaniels are believed by many dog fanciers to be the progenitors of the famous King Charles spaniels of England. These dogs have been the exclusive appanage of the royalty of China and of the mandarins, and up to the time of the recent war with China they were rarely in possession of a foreigner. At the present time there only three thoroughbred royal Chinese dogs in the United States, they being the puppies taken, with the pair of old dogs, from the sacred palace by Lieutenant Wise. One is little Tai Tai, the subject of this sketch; another was presented to Miss Conger, the daughter of the United States Minister to China, and another is the property of Captain Winslow, of the United States steamer Solace, now at San Francisco. The mother and father are still in the possession of Captain Wise, in China.

These dogs belong to a variety known as the famous sleeve dog, in China, and they are stunted while puppies by starving them and feeding them alcoholic stimulants. The aristocratic Chinese carry the pets in their sleeves. In London they are highly prized and have a special class in the dog show, there being only about six or eight in England.

Tai Tai has been taught to do many little tricks. She has a bulldog face, eyes and shoulders prominent, pug nose, bowed legs, long ears with silken hair on them, short bowed forelegs, long feet, with hair both on the top and sole, body hind legs relatively long, quarters light, tail six inches long and curved over back, hair on back and tail four inches, long, legs feathered, heavy mane. Tai Tai has a winning appearance and has been pronounced extremely clever and "too cute for anything" by all who have seen her. Following are Tai Tai's principal measurements:

Height of shoulders	5½ inches
From head to root of tail	14½ inches
Thickness through shoulders	4½ inches
Weight	5 pounds

THE LADIES.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co. printed near the bottom of the package. For sale by all druggists.

The Old Story.

"So you're going to marry a policeman, Bridget?"

"Yes, mum."

"I suppose you'll have the same trouble with him I've had with my husband."

"Shure, what's that, mum?"

"Oh, he won't give you his club."—Yonkers Statesman.

PASSING PLEASANTRIES.

SACRED.

When the Shamrock with the breezes
Is inclined to lightly flirt,
Then the Yankee blood all freezes
And he hollers ere he's hurt.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BETTER REASON.

She—Love is like a potato.
He—Because why?
She—Because it shoots from the eye.
He—Oh, I thought perhaps it was because pairing makes it less.—Chicago News.

THE REAL AND THE UNREAL.

"Do you expect to realize a fortune from your latest invention!" asked the capitalist.

"No," said the inventor. "I don't really expect to. I had some hopes, but I suppose it will be the usual program. I'll imagine the fortune and some one else will realize it."—Washington Star.

INHERITED TALENT.

"We are pleased," said the president of the bank to the young clerk, "to notice that you always strike an exact and correct balance with no trouble at all."

"Thank you," answered the new clerk. "I think I inherit the talent."

"How is that?"

"Well, my mother was a tightrope walker and my father a trick bicyclist."—Baltimore American.

DECIDEDLY SO.

John—Is your wife clever?

Jack—Clever enough to make me think that she knows less than I know.—Leslie's Weekly.

The Farmstead.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

To Get Rid of Rats.

Editor Farmstead:—Tell H. W. M., Missouri Valley, Iowa, in order to drive rats from his cellar to put concentrated lye in their holes, where they go in and out. They get it on their feet and then lick it off, and that is the last of them. They leave. That is the only remedy I have found that proved good.—M. T., Onawa, Iowa.

Editor Farmstead:—If you will allow me space in your paper I will give H. W. M., of Missouri Valley, Iowa, a sure method for driving rates out of his cellar or any part of the house. Take equal parts of plaster of Paris and corn meal; mix dry; put in plates, and set them around where the rats can eat. But particular care must be taken not to leave water in the cellar, and they will have to hunt water and die outside. Otherwise they would die in the walls. We have used this with good results.—B. H., Piasa, Ill.

Editor Farmstead:—Tell the subscriber who wishes to get rid of rats in his cellar to mix red pepper with molasses and put it into the holes where they come in. It will stick to their feet and in licking it off they will get it into their months. It will bite them so they will leave.

Another way, and perhaps better, is to put a little concentrated lye in the holes where they come in.—J. W. P., Lenox, Iowa.

Ringbone Cure.

Editor Farmstead:—Seeing the request for a sure ringbone cure, I will send one with which I killed two on a three-year-old colt last March. She was very lame at that time and has been worked hard ever since and has not been lame.

Take spirits of turpentine and pour it over the ring-bone; then take a hot iron, as hot as would be used to iron with, and rub it over the ring-bone until it is dry. Do this every day for two or three weeks, or longer, if necessary. If it should blister, let it rest for three or four days:—T. A. C., Canton, Pa.

Red Ants.

Editor Farmstead:—I would solve the ant problem this way: Put a little molasses in a saucer, or small dish. They will go to eat and stick there.—J. W. P., Lenox, Iowa.

That Poll Evil Recipe

Editor Farmstead:—In regard to the poll evil recipe in The Blade of Sept. 5, will say it would be all right to dilute the acid, but do not make it too weak, as the sore has to be cleaned out and destroy the growth, pipes, etc., before a complete cure can be effected. It is severe, all right, and care should be taken not to get any of the acid on your hands, or on the animal to be treated, except where it is intended.—Reader, Mich.

Appletree Borers.

Editor Farmstead:—In the Weekly Blade of Aug. 29, W. H. A., of Breckenridge, Mo., asks for information as to killing apple tree borers. In Blade of September 5, S. W. D., of Michigan, answers by saying, "hill up your trees in the fall, hoe away in summer, and dig out the worms." This answer, however, does not cover the query of W. H. A., as he says the worms are in the stem of the trees, high up, not at the ground. They get into the trees as high up as 2½ feet above the ground and from there down.

They are more destructive than the borer that gets into the tree at the ground, because they make no outside mark on the bark of the tree where they are at work which is not the case with the former. You can not detect them until your tree is in a dying condition.

Would like for W. H. A. to advise me by letter where he bought his trees. The nursery may be infected with the above borers. Would like some information on above subject.—J. U. Thierstein, Avenue City, Mo.

Gophers and Moles.

Editor Farmstead:—Please tell F. W., of St. Joe, Mo., that he can get rid of his gophers by getting arsenic; put on potato, and put it in the hole. Or he can get one pint of shelled corn and put 25 cents worth of arsenic in it with a little water and let it stand 24 hours before using. Then take a small iron rod and push it down and find the hole; then drop 3 or 4 grains of the corn down the hole. He will eat it and that is the last work Mr. Gopher does. When you go to kill moles stick the rod down easy, and don't disturb the hole. Draw the rod out carefully, put 3 or 4 grains of corn down, then put a small clod over the hole you made with the rod. If he sees

MORE BOXES OF GOLD,

And Many Greenbacks.

To secure additional information directly from the people, it is proposed to send little boxes of gold and greenbacks to persons who write the most interesting, detailed, and truthful description of their experience on the following topics:

1. How have you been affected by coffee drinking and by changing from coffee to Postum?

2. Do you know any one who has been driven away from Postum because it came to the table weak and characterless at the first trial?

3. Did you set such a person right regarding the easy way to make Postum clear, black, and with a crisp, rich taste?

4. Have you ever found a better way to make it than to use four heaping teaspoonfuls to the pint of water, let stand on stove until real boiling begins, then note the clock and allow it to continue easy boiling full 15 minutes from that time stirring down occasionally? (A piece of butter about the size of a navy bean, placed in the pot will prevent boiling over.)

5. Give names and account of those you know to have been cured or helped in health by the dismissal of coffee and the daily use of Potsum Food Coffee in its place.

6. Write names and addresses of 20 friends whom you believe would be benefited by leaving off coffee. (Your name will not be divulged to them.)

Address your letter to the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., writing your own name and address clearly.

Be honest and truthful, don't write poetry or fanciful letters, just plain, truthful statements.

Decision will be made between October 30th and November 10th, 1901, by three judges, not members of the Postum Cereal Co., and a neat little box containing a $10 gold piece sent to each of the five best writers, a box containing a $5 gold piece to each of the 20 next best writers, a $2 greenback to each of the 100 next best, and a $1 greenback to each of the 200 next best writers, making cash prizes distributed to 325 persons.

Almost every one interested in pure food and drink is willing to have their name and letter appear in the papers, for such help as it may offer to the human race. However, a request to omit name will be respected.

Every friend of Postum is urged to write and each letter will be held in high esteem by the company, as an evidence of such friendship, while the little boxes of gold and envelopes of money will reach many modest writers whose plain and sensible letters contain the facts desired, although the sender may have but small faith in winning at the time of writing.

Talk this subject over with your friends and see how many among you can win prizes. It is a good, honest competition and in the best kind of a cause. Cut this statement out for it will not appear again.

Blood Poison Cured Free

The Remedy Is Sent Absolutely Free to Every Man or Woman Sending Name and Address.

A celebrated Fort Wayne Physician has discovered the most wonderful cure for Syphilis or Blood Poison ever known. It quickly cures all such indications as mucous patches in the mouth, sore throat, copper colored spots, chancres, ulcerations on the body, and in hundreds of cases where the hair and eyebrows had fallen out and the whole skin was a mass of boils, pimples and ulcers, this wonderful specific has completely changed the whole body into a clean, perfect condition of physical health.

The illustrations above plainly show what the Grand Discovery will do.

William McGrath, 48 Gulliford st., Buffalo, N. Y., says: I am a well man today where a year ago I was a total wreck. Several doctors had failed to cure me of syphilis. I was rid of my sores and my skin became smooth and natural in two weeks, and after completing the treatment there was not a sore or pimple on my body, and to-day I am absolutely well. I give you permission to use my name and I will answer all inquiries from suffering men."

Every railroad running into Ft. Wayne brings scores of sufferers seeking this new and marvelous cure and to enable those who cannot travel to realize what a truly marvelous work the doctor is accomplishing they will send free to every sufferer a free trial package of the remedy so that everyone can cure themselves in the privacy of their own home. This is the only known treatment that cures this most terrible of all diseases. Address the State Medical Institute, 232 Elektron Building, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Do not hesitate to write at once, and the free trial package will be sent sealed in plain package.

light he will go back.—B. M. J., Willow Brook, Mo.

Catching Minks

Editor Farmstead:—Please tell W. W. C., of Godley, Texas, that sweet anise oil is the best thing I ever tried. Put it on a bit of chicken, rabbit, etc., and bait your trap with it. The minks smell the odor, and it is no trouble to catch them. Cover over your trap well.—B. M. J., Willow Creek, Mo.

Editor Farmstead:—Tell W. M. C., of Godley, Texas, to take some old bark and sticks, and make a small house make it in a V shape, 12 inches long, 4 inches wide in front, 8 inches high in front, and run back with a slope to the ground. Set your trap at the entrance and cover it so it looks as natural as possible; bait with fish.—H. B., Baldwin, Mich.

Alfalfa for Seed.

Editor Farmstead:—Replying to inquiry of C. W. J., Peterson, Iowa, regarding alfalfa for seed, I submit the following: The second crop is the one usually saved; cut when the pods are dark brown. Rake at once into heaps, and allow it to cure there. Then place in the stack, and thresh directly from the stack. Stacks of alfalfa, whether cut for hay or seed, will not turn rain, and there should be a cap of some kind put over cock stack. If the hay gets wet, it will heat, mould, and there will be considerable loss. Considerable success has been had in cutting alfalfa (for seed) with a twine binder, and handling the same as other small grain. Any good separator fitted for threshing clover is suitable for alfalfa.

Seed intended for sale on the market should be recleaned and run through a fanning mill, as the price obtained more than balances the extra cost of cleaning.—K. M., Bostwick, Neb.

Farmers' Bulletin No. 31, U. S. Department of Agriculture, treats on alfalfa or lucerne, and is to be had free for the asking.—E. M. K.

Several Replies.

Editor Farmstead:—Tell Subscriber, Calkinsville, to rub the udder with good country soap, made from lye of wood ashes and any old grease. I have used it for many years. It is also good for caked udder on a cow.

Tell C. R., Eureka, Cal., to use baking soda in slop or water. I have also used bichromate of potash in sweet milk. Dose to each hog, a bit the size of a pea. Be careful in using, as this is poison to all animals but hogs. I have known baking soda to cure hogs dying with cholera; and then, sometimes bichromate of potash did the best.—J. N. S., Charleston, Ill.

Pink-Eye Cure Wanted.

Editor Farmstead:—Will some experienced person please inform me of a cure for pink-eye in cattle?—E. E. S., Lamborn, Kan.

Tanning Deer Skins.

Editor Farmstead:—I would like to have some one tell me a good way of tanning deer skins—one who has had some experience in the business.—H. B., Baldwin, Mich.

Clover Raising Query.

Editor Farmstead:—I would like a little information through the columns of your excellent paper in regard to clover. I have twenty acres: I have mowed it twice, and there is at present a heavy second crop. Can I mow it next year profitably? I think of letting the second growth stand and pasturing it late in fall and winter.

I also seeded this spring with oats 20 acres, but there is not a half stand. Can I, or would it be policy, for me to sow in timothy in the spring and harrow it in? I very much wanted this piece in grass.

I have never had any experience with clover, hence these queries.—R. W. H., Peterson, Iowa.

Poll Evil.

Editor Farmstead:—I have a good young horse, 7 years old, that has poll evil. It was caused by a yoke over a year ago. It has been running, and I can not heal it up. I have done everything I know of, but have not got a cure yet. If you or any of The Blade readers could give me a cure I will be glad to receive it.—W. P. E., Somerset, Ky.

Why not try the remedy in Blade of September 5, noting what is said elsewhere in this issue about it?—Editor.

Sick Horse.

Editor Farmstead:—We have a very sick horse, and hope some one will tell what to do. She stood in a filthy and badly ventilated stable, and broke out with a few small lumps, and a swelling on the front of her fore legs. These all disappeared, when one morning we found one hind leg badly swollen and she nearly helpless. During the day she seemed in great distress, especially in that leg. She got so she could not get up without help, and floundered on the ground so she was badly skinned and on some of the bruised places it has made very bad running sores or ulcers. Most of her body was badly swollen at one time, but that is mostly gone, and she can now walk much better and the sores do not run so much. Is not this a bad case of farcy? It has been much disputed, and I write for information.—A. N. M., Salem, Ill.

Black Leg.

Editor Farmstead:—Will some one send a preventive for black leg in calves?—A. B., Buffalo, Kan.

ALFALFA IN KANSAS.

Remarkable Increase in the Area Devoted to It.

Secretary Coburn, of the Kansas experiment station, says that the past summer of diversified weather has served admirably to emphasize the desirability of growing alfalfa in the Middle West and also testified forcibly to its adaptability. The wonderful performances this year of this widely exploited plant have attracted attention anew to its worth, it having already yielded two, three or four cuttings, and the stockman who was possessed of even a small acreage is in an enviable situation. The intelligent Kansas farmers, whose state far and away leads all others in alfalfa-production, are constantly bettering their conditions and chances for success by devoting larger areas to its culture, as is conspicuously indicated in official statistics compiled by the state board of agriculture. For instance, the first official notice was taken of alfalfa by the board in 1891, when the total returned was 34,384 acres; this year its field extends over 319,000 acres, showing the phenomenal increase in the ten years of over 828 per cent. Even when first considered of sufficient importance to be officially recognized as belonging to Kansas' repertoire of crops a canvass of the returns for that year (1891) shows that, with three exceptions, each county devoted more or less land to its growth. This year's figures proclaim an increase for the state of 43,384 acres, or more than 15 per cent over one year ago. All portions of the state display remarkable and increasing interest in alfalfa growing, as is demonstrated by the large gain. Alfalfa seems to flourish in well nigh all sections of the state and, after once gaining a firm foothold, can be safely relied upon to produce from two to four cuttings, whether the season be wet or dry. Preparations are going on for seeding additional lands to this remarkable plant and in the light of all experience it appears a most judicious thing to do.

Blue Grama Grass.

One of the most important species of wild grass is the blue grama of the western plains. It is wild all over the territory west of the Mississippi river. When in full bloom about the middle of July, it can be cut for hay. An aftermath usually appears, which can also be cut or it can be used as pasture. No other grass withstands the tramping of stock so well as this, and on the range it is one of the very best of grazing grasses. During dry seasons it cures on the ground and loses none of its nutritive value. Cattle are pastured on it all winter, and usually do not lose flesh. Under favorable conditions they fatten on it in spite of the cold weather.

Blue grama grass has been cultivated in a limited way for a number of years, and improves rapidly. Introduced to the south or far east, it promises well, and in dry sections will undoubtedly find a place. Where the climate is moist and the soil rich, other grasses are more valuable. In Indiana, it is considered valuable in permanent pasture mixtures. In North Carolina it withstands drouth well, and makes a fair growth each season. The seed should be sown in April on well-prepared land, then lightly covered with a smoothing harrow. Ordinarily a cutting can be made the first season, say in August. In New Mexico it grows luxuriantly where water is plentiful, and is highly valuable as a pasture grass for both horses and cattle.—Exchange.

Selecting Seed Corn.

Some farmers look for it in the spring-time, just when they should be planting. Others look for it in the fall when husking. My own experience is that the last-named class of men are right. When I came on the farm, almost eleven years ago, I bought a few strings of yellow, eight-rowed corn of the young man whom I succeeded on the place. It was not very promising looking corn, I assure you. The ears were short and the rows were far from perfect. But as I did not know just then where to go to get anything better, I planted what I had, I have always taken the best care of my corn while it was growing that I could, and that first year I had a pretty good crop. When I husked it, I laid aside the best ears for seed. My guide in doing this was that the ears should be of good size, the rows as straight as possible and well filled out at the tip. These ears were braided together by two or three husks that were left at the butt, and the strings made to contain about twenty-five ears. These strings I hung away in a room upstairs in the house, near a stove pipe, taking pains not to have them where they would be too hot while curing.

The next spring when ready to plant, I would shell off the corn at the tip of each ear and feed it to the hens, so that I would not plant any imperfect kernels. If I had found any stalks which had borne two ears each, these were put away by themselves. Following this plan year after year, I soon had some fine corn. It hardly seemed possible that it could have come from the seed I bought a few years before. Not only had I succeeded in producing better corn than at first grew on my farm, but I had greatly increased the yield per acre. It was beautiful corn. The ears were large, long and perfect. And it all came from selecting the very best and keeping at it. Of course, culture has much to do with the corn crop. No man can expect much when he does little. Nature does not do business in that way. She demands value received every time. No work, no corn. But if I lived 100 years I would try hard to have seed corn without being obliged to depend on some one else for it, unless I found that that some one else had better corn than I had.—E. L. V., New York.

Effect of Sulphur on Grain.

Little do some millers and grain dealers realize the damage they are doing to themselves and to their grain and flour by fumigating their bins, chests, or even the shipholds with sulphur. Often where this is used many complaints arise about the poor quality of the flour or unsatisfactory results in baking.

From experiments conducted by the British colonial government with both sulphured and ordinary flour, remarkable results were shown. It was shown that the action of sulphur fumes on flour is to affect the composition

Question Bureau.

RULES—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons or firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers would be free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, nor concerning prices of coins. 6.—No answers by mail.

A Trip to the Moon.

"The last chapters of Jules Verne's book, 'A Trip to the Moon,' read as if the book is an historical fact. Did any such an event ever really occur?"—A. H., Millwood, Ore.

Certainly not. The moon is is 238,000 miles from the earth, and no human being has ever reached a point over six miles from the earth, the air at that altitude being too thin or rare to support life. The mischief of Jules Verne's books is, the air of plausibility about them; but they are all stuffed with misleading statements, bogus science, and false logic, which educated minds quickly detect, but which are apt to be absorbed and accepted as true by others.

That $10 Bill.

"In the series of 1880, legal tender notes, some ten-dollar bills have the picture of an eagle, which, reversed, shows a mule's head. It is reported about here that the picture does not belong there at all, but that it was a trick played by the engraver of the bills. Can you give us the truth of the matter?"—E. L. A., Millsburg, Mich.

On one of the ten dollar treasury notes, on the face of the bill at the lower center part is the handsome vignette of a bald-headed eagle in the attitude of taking flight. On reversing the bill there appears a fair likeness of the humble but useful mule. There are several explanations of the curious circumstance. One is to the effect that the designer of the plate, an Englishman, employed in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, had some difficulty with his superiors, and took this ingenious method of getting revenge. The second explanation is that the picture was a practical joke on the part of the designer. The official reason is, that it is simply a coincidence, and purely accidental. This is probably correct. The presence of the objectionable mule was discovered in the Treasury department long before the public discerned it, but too late to remedy the fault, as a large number of the bills had been issued before the discovery was made, and there was nothing to be done but hope that it would be overlooked. Somebody discovered the now widely celebrated mule, and the whole country enjoyed a laugh at the expense of the Treasury department.

Louisiana Purchase.

J. R., High House, Pa.: The vast territory first known as Louisiana was discovered in 1681 by La Salle, who took possession in the name of Louis, king of France. In 1712 Louis XIV named the territory Louisiana, in honor of himself. The French retained possession until 1762, when they ceded it to Spain. In 1800 it was re-ceded to France by Spain. After the retrocession an agreement was made by the United States with France by which New Orleans was to be given to the United States for a commercial port. This made it necessary for the United States to have additional territory in the neighborhood, and our minister to France was, in 1802, instructed to negotiate for the island on which New Orleans stood. When the negotiations were begun, our minister, Mr. Livingston, was much astonished to have Napoleon offer to sell the entire French possessions of Louisiana to us. No time was lost in accepting Napoleon's offer, and on April 30, 1803, the treaty was signed. Thomas Jefferson was then President. The exact limits of Louisiana had never been determined while in French possession. The boundaries between it and the Spanish possessionson the west were settled by the same treaty by which Spain ceded Florida to the United States. This treaty was negotiated in 1817, but not ratified until 1821. It is not true that President Monroe gave up Texas to get Florida. Texas was undisputed Spanish territory, and so far from Spain getting any part of Louisiana in exchange for Florida, the facts show exactly the contrary—that the United States got a great deal the best of it when the boundaries were established. A curious confirmation of this has only recently come to light, in the discovery of the fact that the whole of Greer county, which has always been believed to be part of Texas, was found upon investigation, to be a part of the old Louisiana Purchase; and, as such, it was added to the territory of Oklahoma.

Western Kansas.

"Please answer whether the two western tiers of counties in Kansas and Oklahoma form a farming country? Also if the land on and adjoining the Missouri river on the east in South Dakota is good farming land."—J. M., Corning, Cal.

The western parts of Oklahoma and of Kansas are too dry for farming without irrigation, and there are few streams in those districts. The part of South Dakota bordering on the Missouri river is said to be unsurpassed in the world as farming country.

Use of the Mails.

"Several years ago while at school, two or three other boys and myself made up an alphabet so that we could write notes secretly. Would it be necessary to law for me to advertise in a magazine to send this alphabet for a consideration? Of course, it is not copyrighted."—W. D., Stockham, Neb.

There is nothing wrong in your advertising to sell it, but you will have to advertise truthfully, or you will be liable to prosecution for using the mails to defraud. Tell the truth, so that no customer will think he is getting something valuable for nothing.

McKinley and Liquor.

J. G. H., Pig River, Va.: President McKinley was always a temperate man. No one could look at his clear eye and pale complexion without seeing that he never indulged in intoxicants. He was a man of high honor and of a perfectly clean life in every respect.

Those Odd Buttons.

"Please let me know what tradition the tailor follows when he sews two buttons on the back part of a dress coat. Of course, it is the custom now; but whence the origin of the custom?"—J. M., Powersville, Mo.

The curious persistence of a habit or custom, long after its usefulness has ceased, and even until the reason for it is forgotten, is in no way better shown than by the presence of two useless and superfluous buttons on the back of a man's coat. There have been reasons advanced for the presence of these two buttons, and gallons of ink have been shed in the controversies over them. The most probable and plausible reason for them is that the principal method of travel was (until the invention of railroads), on horseback, and in the 18th century men wore coats with very long and full skirts, and at that time, and until a period within the recollection of men now living, it was customary to turn up the ends of the coat tails, and button them to the back of the coat, to keep them from being soiled by contact with the horse. This is a very satisfactory explanation for the presence of the two buttons; but it does not settle the question whether the coat tails were fastened to the buttons because they were there first, or whether the buttons were placed to hold the coat tails. Each reason has its champions, and neither side has yet acknowledged the soundness of the other's arguments. And until the question is settled, we presume tailors will continue to put on the buttons as usual.

It may be proper to state that another reason assigned is, that the buttons were placed there to hold up the sword-belt.

Names of Weights.

"As applied to to weights, what is the origin of the terms troy and avoirdupois? Why is there a difference in the number of grains in the troy and avoirdupois pound?"—W. G., Raleigh, Ill.

Troy weight derives its name from Troyes, a town in France, which was of considerable importance in the fourteenth century. Nearly all principal towns and seats of commerce in the Middle Ages had their own standards of weights and measures, and no two were alike. The pound of Troyes, in the early part of the fourteenth century, was adopted to some extent in other places and in England. Later, Troy weight lost recognized connection with a locality, and the name was given to a system of weights used in weighing bread, silk, gold, silver and articles of jewelry, but now only for gold and silver. A pound, Troy weight, contains 5,760 grains.

Avoirdupois weight was introduced into England from Bayonne, and is substantially the Spanish system. In avoirdupois weight, 7,000 Troy (formerly, and now in the United States, but in Great Britain exactly), make a pound. This system is used in determining the weight of all commodities except gold and silver. The word avoirdupois is from two old French words, meaning "goods of weight."

Indiana Oil Field.

"Can you tell me what kind of an oil field they have lately discovered in Indiana? Is it thickly populated and are the wells large?"—C. H., Atlantic, Pa.

The Indiana oil field extends about 100 miles north and south, and is about 30 miles wide. It is located on the eastern half of the state and in a thickly populated region. A great many good wells have been found, but no extraordinary ones. The peculiarity of the Indiana field is the thinness of the oil-bearing rock, which rarely exceeds 50 feet, while in the Ohio field it is often 300 feet thick. Owing to this fact, the Indiana wells are comparatively short lived.

Anarchy.

"What are the doctrines of the anarchists, and what do they wish to do?"—W. C., Bradford, Pa.

The beliefs of the anarchists, as set forth by the Geneva conference in 1882, stand in great measure for the propaganda of action of to-day.

"Our ruler is our enemy. We anarchists are men without any rulers, fighting against all those who have usurped any power or who wish to usurp it.

"Our enemy is the owner of the land who keeps it for himself and makes the peasant work for his advantage.

"Our enemy is the manufacturer who fills his factory with wage slaves; our enemy is the state, whether monarchial, oligarchical, or democratic, with its officials and staff officers, magistrates, and police spies.

"Our enemy is every thought of authority, whether men call it God or devil, in whose name the priests have so long ruled honest people.

"Our enemy is the law which always oppresses the weak by the strong to the justification and apotheosis of crime.

"But if the landowners, the manufacturers, the heads of the state, the priests and the law are our enemies, we are also theirs, and we boldly oppose them. We intend to reconquer the land and the factories from the landowner and the manufacturer; we mean to annihilate the state under whatever name it may be concealed; and we mean to get our freedom back again in spite of priest or law.

"According to our strength we will work for the humiliation of all legal institutions, and are in accord with every one who defies the law by a revolutionary act. We despise all legal means because they are the negation of our rights; we do not want so-called universal suffrage since we cannot get away from our own personal sovereignty and cannot make ourselves accomplices in the crimes committed by our so-called representatives.

"Between us anarchists and all political parties, whether conservatives or moderates, whether they fight for freedom or recognize it by their admissions, a deep gulf is fixed. We wish to remain our own masters, and he among us who strives to become a chief or leader is a traitor to our cause. Of course we know that individual freedom cannot exist without a union with other free associates; that is the social life which has created us; that it is the work of all which gives to each the consciousness of his rights and the power to defend them. Every social product is the work of the whole community, to which all have a claim in equal manner.

"For we are all communists. It is ours to conquer and defend common property and to overthrow governments by whatever name they may be called."

This is the anarchy which stands for the "propaganda of action," by which is meant murder of all rulers and officers of the law. It has no kinship with socialism and so little affinity with socialistic atmosphere that Germany, the hotbed of socialism, is prohibitive of anarchy.

If one will read the above carefully, he will see that, if those doctrines should be carried out, there could be no civilization. The work of the world is done by combination of effort. If men work together in a mill or mine or factory, one must be the directing head; and this would be opposed by the above crazy program. There could be no property, no safety for life, and the world would drift back into barbarism.

Miscellaneous.

E. G. E., Arkansas City, Kan.: On a navigable stream, the land-owner who fences an island ought to be able to show that his deed owns it. Look up the deed in the county recorder's office, and see.

A. P., Mason, Neb.: If your naturalization papers were sent to Washington when you proved up your claim, and never returned, they must still be there. Write a letter of inquiry, giving date, etc., and address "The Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C."

W. M., Centerville, Miss.: In the Black Hawk war, in 1832, Abraham Lincoln was a captain of volunteers. In 1834, 1836 and 1838 he was elected to the Illinois legislature. He then practiced law, and in 1846 was elected a representative to Congress. He was elected President in 1860, and re-elected in 1865.

MERRYMAKERS' NONSENSE.

"Captain," asked the landlubber, "from what direction do you get a spanking breeze?"

"From astern," growled the gruff old sea dog, as he paced the quarterdeck.—Baltimore American.

Church—Everybody is coming back from the watering places.

Gotham—Yes; even the oyster.—Yonkers Statesman.

"So you object to piano playing?"

"I do," answered the boarder who wears a continuous scowl.

"What is your principal objection to it?"

"The fact that it is not dangerous to the performer, like bicycling or automobiling."—Washington Star.

Drummer (in train)—Is this seat engaged?

Coy Country Maid—No, but I am.—Judge.

"Well, I'm ashamed o' yer!" exclaimed Weary Walker, discovering his mate vigorously chopping wood for kindling.

"Aw, g'on!" replied the other; "can't yer see dis is Locust wood I'm choppin' up?"

"Well, dat ain't no excuse."

"Sure it is. Locust wood is w'at coppers clubs is made outer."—Philadelphia Press.

One day, when I was very ill,
I called the doctor, quick.
But when I got that doctor's bill
It simply made me sick.
—Philadelphia Record.

TRAIN THE LEFT HAND TO WRITE ALSO

The number of men who can write legibly with the left hand is very small in this country, where the fact of being ambidextrous is not appreciated at its full worth. Sir Edwin Arnold stated that in Japan every child is taught to write with either and both hands; and he hinted that this was not the only evidence of sound common sense he met with while in the kingdom of the Mikado.

I learned to write with my left hand some months ago, in consequence of the impression created in my mind by reading the arguments of Charles Reade on the subject, and now I change my pen from hand to hand on the first impression of weariness.

There have been many remedies suggested for what is known as writer's cramp, and many writers alternate between the pen and the typewriter, but the simplest plan of all is to acquire the act of writing with either hand, and change from one to the other on the first suspicion of fatigue.

It is quite easy for a child to learn to write with the left hand; and, although after the muscles have become set with age it is more difficult, almost any man can learn to write with his left hand in a week, and to write as well with one hand as the other within a year.—The Ledger Monthly.

Cheap at That.

He—Your little brother said I would have to give him a quarter if I kissed you.

She—Isn't that awful? What did you do?

He—I gave him a dollar.

THE STEGOSAUR.

Another Discovery in the Bone Beds Near Canyon City.

Professor J. B. Hatcher, in camp near Canyon City, says the Denver Republican has discovered the remains of another fossil animal in the famous bone beds of that section. Canyon City has been noted among geologists on account of the discovery of the remains of prehistoric animals. Professor Hatcher's latest find is a stegosaur, an animal which had a smaller brain than any other creature that ever existed. At the same time its body was of enormous size. The Hatcher party is working under the auspices of the Carnegie Museum of Pittsburg, and the fossils that have been found are shipped to that place.

There have been changes in the style and character of the bone hunting expeditions as well as of other methods of scientific work. In years past the paleontologists were not unwilling to theorize on their discoveries. The anatomists were ready to reconstruct from one fragment of bone the whole skeleton of an animal. Now they restore bones, but every portion that is built up is so carefully marked that there can be no misunderstanding as to which part is genuine. None of the anatomists and none of the paleontologists will venture opinions or theories in recent years until certain conditions have been complied with. When expeditions find evidence of fossils the greatest care is taken to have the fossils uncovered first for photographs, and the photographing is continued at all stages of the disinterment.

Some years ago when Professor George Cannon discovered the first remains of the famous horned dinosaurs near Denver, Professor Marsh and others who were supposed to be authorities on the subject laughed at his claims. Professor Marsh said that any person who said that such an animal or reptile as was claimed for that dinosaur skull ever existed must be the victim of a nightmare or suffering from the digestion of a bone hunting camp. At the same time the big scientists claimed that the skull Professor Cannon found was that of a species of buffalo. As the fossil was embedded in sandstone and in a formation which denoted another period of the world's history when there was no such an animal as the buffalo, Professor Cannon battled with the giants and later they all acknowledged their error. Since that episode paleontologists have given over being sure of anything.

The stegosaur was the most remarkable of the sauropods. It proved to be the feature of the herbivorous forms of prehistoric animals. The type specimen or the first remains of the stegosaur was found in the Denver section. Others have been found in Wyoming. Imagine an animal covered with an armor that would put a rhinoceros to shame, that was more than twenty feet in length from top of sonut to the tip of its tail, with a slender elongated head averaging about four inches in width and only sixteen inches long. Such was the stegosaur. It had a smaller brain than any other animal that ever lived on earth. The principal part of its brain was in its sacrum. This posterior chamber, in which the principal part of the animal's brain was contained, was formed by the enlargement of the spinal canal and was a bone cavity resembling in a great respect the skull. This rear brain cavity was just twenty times larger than that in front.

The stegosaur was not a fighting creature. It had a small cerebellum, but with optic nerves and olfactory organs enlarged beyond the average for its size. Such a creature had its protection in this unusual sense of sight and smell. Its teeth were small and of a character which showed that it lived entirely on vegetation. The dermal armor of the stegosaur was its safeguard from the attacks of animals. The small head was covered in front with a long, bony beak; the throat with thick skin, in which were embedded a large number of horny protuberances. A series of vertical plates extended above the neck, along its back and for two-thirds of the length of its tail. These plates ranged from seventy-six to forty-five inches in width. The paleontologists fail to guess their use. In fact, they admit that they would never have believed them possible on an animal had they not been found on the fossil remains and in place. They figure that the largest of the plates were the animal's weapons of attack. To make them effective the brute must have fought backward, as they were all situated on the posterior part of the body.

The stegosaur had small feet and its tail was of such strength and magnitude that it could stand on it like the kangaroo. The size of the leg bones shows that its means of locomotion were slow. The weight of the spines and the plates and the other armor must have been enormous, the bulk of the animal being figured at many tons. These creatures inhabited the section which is now Denver when the climate was of a tropical nature and the country a mass of sluggish lakes.

This new discovery is of interest just now owing to the fact that many of the best geologists of the country met in convention in Denver recently. One of the places to which an expedition was planned during the session was the bone bed country around Canyon City and also that of Grand Junction, where a party of the bone hunters from the Field Columbian Museum is now at work.

Unreasonable.

"I really don't know what to do," said the vivacious woman. "It is very difficult to please the world."

"What is the difficulty?" asked her husband.

"People are so unreasonable in their comments. If you tell all you hear they say you are a gossip, and if you don't, they say you are stupid and commonplace."—Washington Star.

Dreadfully Plebeian.

"They're dreadfuly plebeian, aren't they?"

"Fearfully! Why, the cards for our reception said 'From eight to twelve,' and they arrived before half-past nine."—Washington Star.

PERSONAL.

A sanctimonious bore, whose hobby was anti-Catholicism, went to the great evangelist one day and put the direct question: "Mr. Moody, do you ever intend to do any preaching against the Catholics?" "Yes, I may some time." "When is that to be?" "After all the Protestants are converted."

The late Bishop Mandell Creighton was once asked if he could state the difference between an Oxford man and a Cambridge man. The professor, as he then was, immediately replied: "An Oxford man looks as if the world belonged to him; a Cambridge man as if he didn't care to whom the world belonged."

Life on $90 a year was the experience of A. M. Torrance, chairman of the London County Council, when, at the age of sixteen, his career began in Glasgow. Mr. Torrance made the $90 meet all his needs, and he bought a book or two besides, which he almost learned by heart. He admires punctuality, loves a Scotch song above all things, and tells a Scotch story with no end of "pawky" humor. Every week-day morning for the last 27 years he has caught the same 'bus from Highbury, and he always reaches his office by 9 o'clock.

Pension Commissioner Evans is proud of the support given him by the newspapers of the country. On one occasion some one said to him: "Mr. Evans, it is reported that you have a literary bureau at work for you." "I have," replied the commissioner, "and it is composed of all the reputable newspapers in the country."

Walter Hubbard, of Merden, Conn., who gave that city some time ago the largest public park in southern New England, has bought another large tract of land for presentation to the public as a park. Besides this gift he intends to build a large addition to the City hospital.

CURES THE SICK FREE.

New Treatment for Restoring the Afflicted to Health Discovered by Dr. U. G. Lipes.

THE REMEDY IS FREE TO ALL

Persons suffering from disease in any of its various forms should write to Dr. U. G. Lipes, 1605 Stevenson Building, Indianapolis, Ind., for a free trial of his remarkable treatment for the cure of any weakened or unnatural condition of the human body. There is no doubt of the doctor's ability to cure, for he has made the study of disease a life work and

DR. U. G. LIPES.

thoroughly understands the subject. He cures consumption, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, heart disease, kidney and bladder troubles and rheumatism in so short a time that people wonder why they suffered as long as they did.

His treatment for liver complaint, neuralgia, nervousness, bad blood, pimples, scrofula, etc., is wonderful in its effect, and its marvelous power is felt from the very first day's use.

Gout, dropsy, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, Debility or weakness in any form quickly yields to the influence of Dr. Lipes' new treatment.

The doctor's theory is that no matter what the primary cause may be, all disease remains in the human system on account of a disordered condition of the blood or nerves, or both. Taking this principle for a working basis, he devotes his entire energy to the purifying of the blood and placing the nervous system in a strong, healthy condition, so these two great sources of life may throw off and resist completely the ravages of any disease whatever. To prove the truth of his claims Dr. Lipes is offering to all sufferers without exception a free trial of his wonderful treatments. He wants you to judge the nature of your affliction when you write for free treatment.

THE GIRL PHILOSOPHER

The Accident Insurance Man Met With an Accident Against Which There is No Insurance.

"You know Tom," began the girl philosopher, twisting a new ring about her third finger.

"Yes," exclaimed the other two in chorus, "when is it to be?"

"You know Tom," began the other again, who would tell things in her own way or not at all. "And you know there was a fire at our house, in which the old maiden lady on the third floor had her nose seriously burned. What I am going to tell you is related both to the fire and to Tom. It was the evening after and I was practicing at the piano, trying to appear as though I were not awaiting him. Formerly, when waiting for the man whom I was going to marry, I would have been reading a book. But they all seemed to see through that. They knew very well that the book was a ruse, and that I was just making up my mind what to say after the first greeting. So I ceased reading and nowadays practice on the piano."

"It is hard to know what to say after that first greeting," remarked the fluffy-haired girl.

"Is it?" asked the sallow young woman innocently.

"Yes," replied the philosopher. "One is apt to grow red and look silly. Then he always says, 'Well, what are you laughing for?' and you always reply, 'Nothing at all,' and then you giggle. He laughs in little jerks, and asks you how you are. You say, 'All right. Has it not been a perfectly lovely day?' I used to get a book just before he came and think out things to say during such trying moments, but now I play the bumble-bee song or something which is not too noisy, for I always manage to hear every footfall on the veranda. That evening after the fire I was singing"—

"What risks you take!" ventured the sallow young woman.

"So I failed to listen for the footsteps as usual," proceeded the speaker. "I had just reached a high note and was endeavoring to get that vocal quiver that is so fetching, when some one directly behind my chair coughed slightly. It was so sudden that I forgot all about the line of action I had planned. I had intended to be cool to him, for you see, I was most—er—cordial the evening before. You should never be too cordial to a man twice in succession, you know."

"I know," answered the fluffy-haired girl, with a conclusive nod.

"But it was awfully sudden," said the sallow young woman. "Did you mistake him for a book agent?"

"No such good luck, or good behavior, either," edmitted the philosopher. "I just said, 'Oh, Tom!' and I am afraid I left some of my new powder on his coat. He seemed to be about as surprised as I, for he backed away several steps, and, removing my hands gently from his shoulder, remarked, 'I am afraid you are mistaken.'"

"What!" exclaimed the listeners.

The philosopher nodded vigorously and bit her lip, as though she was about to laugh or cry. "It wasn't Tom at all," she finally gasped weakly, "but an accident insurance man who had come to see about the maiden lady's burned nose. The maid answered the door, you know."

"What did you say?" inquired the fluffy-haired girl.

"I must have stammered a little, but I remember saying that I thought he was some one else."

"And he?"

"He said he wished he were."

"Impudence!" ejaculated the sallow young woman. "You really should tell Tom at once, for as long as you are wearing his ring"—

"But it is not his ring," said the philosopher, defiantly holding up her hand. "It's the accident insurance man's."

Her companions looked at each other in speechles surprise; the fluffy-haired girl finally managed to inquire:

"When?"

"Since one week after he came out to inquire about the injuries of the maiden lady. Wasn't she a dear to poke her nose into the fire?"—Chicago News.

A TRUE SNAKE STORY.

A workman in the New Albany woolen mills had an unpleasant experience a few days ago. He went into the basement of the mill used for storage purposes and in the dim light saw what appeared to be a large round stick. He stooped to pick it up and on bending over was horror-stricken to find that he was about to grasp a large spreading viper. After some little delay he managed to kill the snake. A short time after this occurrence, two snakes of the same species were found in the upper part of the mill, having been carried there, it is supposed, in the packages of wool. The girls employed there screamed and some of the male employes killed the snakes.—Louisiana Courier-Journal.

Forest Fires in Australia.

It is interesting to notice, when considering the destruction of so much of our woods by fire, that Australia has recently suffered a serious fire scourge in its wooded regions. A great part of four of the Australian states, say the reports, was a mass of flame and smoke rising from leagues of flaming forests and burning grass. Fences, farm buildings and orchards were destroyed, many sheep and cattle were burned to death and there were tales of terrible races for life by people almost cut off by the flames.—Saturday Evening Post.

DID NOT TRY THAT TRICK ANY MORE

A young dandy walked into the bar of a country inn in England one day, and, receiving a respectful salutation from a "joskin" who stood near, ordered drinks for two, handing a sovereign in payment, saying he had nothing less.

The waitress was obliged to take the coin to her mistress for change, but soon returned and asked if he would pay the next time he was passing, as they were unable to cash it.

A minute later, taking advantage of the girl's momentary absence, the dandy nudged the laborer's arm and said:

"Look here, friend, what do you say to getting drinks for nothing?"

"Why, I'se game, a-coorse."

"Well, then, I'll lend you the sovereign and you order drinks."

The exchange was soon effected, and Hodge knocked loudly on the counter.

"Same dose again," he said when the maid appeared, and diving deep down into his trousers pocket, fished up the sovereign.

"Tak' chaange oot o' that," he said coolly.

After another brief disappearance, the young woman returned and handed over sixteen shillings change.

"There's sixpence for the drinks," she said, "and three-and-sixpence what missis has chalked up against you."

The sequel may be imagined.

Severe Test.

"I suppose it's all right for Americans who visit Europe to talk with an English accent when they come home," reflected Uncle Allen Sparks, "but you never hear of any Englishman talking through their noses and saying 'I guess' after they have spent a season in the United States and gone back home."—Chicago Tribune.

Horse Health

Springfield, O., Dec. 8, 1899.

I gave the box of Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine to a horse that had gone down from some cause. Its appetite was good but its hair was rough and it would not put on flesh. It commenced improving at once and gained flesh under livery hire. I told my foreman to get more of the medicine and give it to all the horses. CHARLIE H. TODD.

Horse health means satisfactory service and money for the owner. Many a fine horse has been ruined by neglect. Hard driving, exposure or too close confinement to the stable frequently undermines a healthy constitution. Overheating, followed by a too quick cooling off, affect the bowels and dangerous disorders result. Irregular action of the bowels is the first symptom to assert itself. Too much care cannot be taken when these symptoms appear. A running off weakens the animal and makes it sensitive to any disease with which it comes in contact. And hard, dry droppings indicate a bilious state that is fully as bad and as dangerous.

BLACK-DRAUGHT STOCK AND POULTRY MEDICINE

regulates the bowels, stopping the weakening evacuations of scours or relieving constipation. It frees the bowels from all the foul matter which works its way back into the system. Do not wait until your horse is sick to give him medicine. Start right now and give him Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine and you will have no use for a veterinary.

If your dealer does not keep it, send 25 cents to the laboratory of The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., and a half-pound air-tight can of the medicine will be mailed to you. For advice in cases requiring special directions, and an illustrated book on the treatment of stock and poultry diseases, address the manufacturers.

THE MANTLE OF THE PRESIDENCY

Now Falls Upon the Shoulders of

COL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Well Qualified for the Duties of the Presidency.

HIS CAREER IN WAR AND PEACE

His Dashing Personality and His Accomplishments. Would Be a Vigorous Chief Magistrate.

Washington, Sept. 14.—Now that President McKinley is dead the duties of the office will fall upon Vice President Roosevelt. He will be sworn into office immediately upon the official notification of the death of President McKinley. A judge of any court of record can administer the oath. The law governing this is as follows:

"In case of the removal of the President from office or of his death, resignation or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve upon the Vice-President," etc.—Constitution of the United States, article 2, section 1, paragraph 6.

Col. Roosevelt's Career.

Col. Roosevelt is and has been a most remarkable figure in political history.

Of aristocratic birth, a member of a family distinguished for valor and patriotism and culture, Col. Roosevelt sued for public favor when just out of college in 1881. He was a candidate for assemblyman and through one of the peculiar tricks of political fortune was defeated and elected the year following.

Through his personality and virility he became the leader of the minority in the assembly, which was then controlled by the Democrats. He was a member of the cities committee and was again appointed to that important committee when re-elected in 1883, and in 1884 was made chairman of that committee.

It was then he started his first investigation by having appointed a committee to inquire into the affairs of New York city.

Ambitious to Rise

Even his opponents were compelled to admit that he was a most zealous servant of his party. Taking an active interest in politics, he aspired to higher honors, and was prominent before the Republican national convention of 1884, when he advocated the nomination of Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, for the Presidency.

Previous to that time, because of his youth and impetuosity, Roscoe Conkling, who was greatly irritated by Mr. Roosevelt, referred to him as that "dentificial young man with more teeth than brain."

From 1884 until 1896 Mr. Roosevelt spent a great part of his time on his Dakota ranch, where his unquestioned bravery and fearlessness won for him the unbounded respect and admiration of the people.

Returning east, he accepted the nomination for mayor of New York in 1896, and after a rather heated campaign was defeated by Abram S. Hewitt.

He was beginning to be regarded among the Republican leaders as too ambitious for high offices, and with the hope of getting him out of the way he was appointed civil service commissioner by President Harrison in 1898.

"Civil service reform" was the cry of both parties at the time, and while Mr. Roosevelt was an untiring student of the new system, he accomplished little. It was not so much because of a lack of energy, that he failed, but because the new reform was unpopular and his work was hampered and interfered with in every way possible by politicians anxious for the retention of the spoils system.

A Police Commissioner.

Tiring of a thankless task, Mr. Roosevelt accepted the police commissionership of New York city in 1895 under the Strong reform administration. In this department he made a record which won for him thousands of supporters.

His tenure of office was most picturesque and dramatic and alive with the intensity of the man's nature. As a police commissioner he made New York talk of him for a year. Disguised he visited station houses, he patrolled the beats of patrolmen, caught policemen and roundsmen napping, and tried to put new blood into the police force.

His appointments to the force are now referred to as "reform appointments." He went into the office shortly after the upheval caused by the Lexow investigating committee. Daily rows occurred between President Roosevelt and other members of the commission, but ultimately he was victorious and upset all the old rules of the department and enforced all of the ancient blue laws. He insisted upon the enforcement of all laws.

An "anti-machine" man at all times, Mr. Roosevelt declined to abide by the wishes of politicians while in this office, and was cordially disliked by the leaders of both parties.

When President McKinley was elected he tendered Mr. Roosevelt the place as assistant secretary of the navy. After some hesitation he accepted and resigned his police commissionership.

His career in the navy was brief, but one of the most satisfactory of his public service. Working in harmony with Secretary Long, he began the task of putting the navy upon a firm foundation. Naval experts told him that target practice was what the navy needed.

"Do it, then," replied Roosevelt.

"But we have'nt the powder," was the reply of the naval experts.

Began to Burn Powder.

The Assistant Secretary then began planning to get money for this, and soon had secured $80,000, which, as he expressed it, "was burned up in a few days."

Every ship was given an allotment of the powder, and instead of their theoretical target practice, the big and little guns of the warships were actually fired.

Previous to the outbreak of the Spanish war Mr. Roosevelt issued orders to every commanding officer to have daily target practice. This was done and the magnificent marksmanship of the navy during the war was largely due to the manner in which he handled a problem which had been discussed and thought over by all previous assistant secretaries.

He aroused the navy officials, and through them and their men was regarded as one of the best officials of the government when the war actually broke out. Then he announced his determination of going to the front.

President McKinley, always appreciative of services of his subordinates, tried to persuade him that he could be of more service to his country by remaining in the navy department.

Anxious to get into the thick of the fray, he resigned his place, and with Leonard Wood, then a captain in the medical corps, and Mrs. McKinley's physician, organized the Rough Riders.

Capt. Wood is now Gen. Wood and the youngest general in the regular army. From the outset the regiment was known as "Teddy's Terrors" or "Roosevelt's Rough Riders." It was recruited largely from the West and Southwest sections where in his earlier life Roosevelt had won the admiration of the men by his courage and valor.

In Battle in Cuba.

Using his powerful influence with the President Col. Wood and Lieut.-Col. Roosevelt succeeded in having their regiment ordered to Cuba. The Rough Riders fought valiantly at San Juan Hill, and it was during the terrible sickness of the troops that Roosevelt started his famous round robin which came nearly getting him court-martialled.

It was argued against him that there was no precedent for such action. Roosevelt replied that during his life he had been making precedents and supposed he would have to continue.

So disheartened was he during the land battle of Santiago, July 1-3, that in his official report to Major Philip Reade he said:

"Twenty-five per cent of my Rough Riders can't carry a pail of water from the creek to the trenches. No man can decry me or my regiment, but we must accede to the next proposition from the enemy."

For this he was generally criticised by officers of the army and public men. The army held on tenaciously until the surrender of the Spanish forces on July 17, or fourteen days after Colonel Roosevelt had advised "acceding to the next proposition of the enemy."

His regiment was engaged in the fights at Las Guasimas and Kettle Hill.

Nominated for Governor.

From Santiago he and his regiment went to Camp Wikoff, on Long Island, where he was acclaimed as a hero. Because of the popularity he had gained as colonel of the Rough Riders he was nominated by the Republican party as its candidate for governor.

His nomination was largely made by Senator Platt, for the reason that it took a war hero to beat the Democrats that year.

Colonel Roosevelt's campaign throughout the state was one of the most theatrical ever seen. Surrounded by several of his Rough Riders he made speeches at almost every town in the state. It was a "hurrah campaign," and Colonel Roosevelt entered into the spirit of the occasion.

He won by only a narrow margin, and his election was attributed to the war record he had made.

As governor he proved too independent for the "machine," and almost from the outset Senator Platt and his friends began scheming to prevent his renomination. He acted independently, although always anxious to serve the best ends of his party.

His course was marked by an earnest desire to press only just legislation. Through his efforts the Ford franchise tax bill was passed.

It was Governor Roosevelt's ambition to be re-elected governor of New York state and to be, in 1904, the Republican nominee for the presidency. He appreciated that in 1900 he would have no chance, and for this reason deprecated the efforts to have him nominated for the vice-presidency.

Vice-President Against His Will.

Despite his objections and those of his friends Senators Platt and Quay forced him upon the convention and he was nominated. He at once began a stumping tour of the United States, making 673 speeches, traveling 21,209 miles, visiting 567 towns and 24 states, and addressing more than 3,000,000 people.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

In his speeches he devoted himself almost entirely to the question of imperialism and expansion.

The most striking sentences in his letter accepting the nomination of the vice-presidency were:

"The policy of the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1 is a policy fraught with destruction to every home in the land.

"Men who are not willing to make such an issue paramount have no possible justification for raising it at all.

"The one absolutely vital need of our whole industrial system is sound money.

"The first thing to do in regulating trusts, is to find out the facts, and for this purpose publicity as to capitalization, profits and all else of importance to the public is the most useful measure.

Views on Philippine Policy.

"To grant self-government to Luzon under Aguinaldo would be like granting self-government to an Apache reservation under some local chief.

"There is no more danger of a draft than there is of the reintroduction of slavery.

"The reasoning which justifies our having made war against Sitting Bull also justifies our having checked the outbreaks of Aguinaldo.

"Properly speaking, the question is now not whether we shall expand—for we have already expanded—but whether we shall contract.

"The merit system is, in its essence, as democratic as our common school system, for it simply means equal chances and fair play for all."

Roosevelt as an Author.

Since assuming office as vice-president, Mr. Roosevelt has done little. He evinced a disposition, when he first became presiding officer, to ignore many little senatorial customs, but was told, by the older senators, that he must conform to the precedents of his office. He is not a good parliamentarian and has made some ludicrous mistakes.

Notwithstanding his political career, Vice-President Roosevelt has written a number of books including "Naval War of 1812," "Life of Thomas Benton," "Life of Gouverneur Morris," "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail," "The Winning of the West," "History of New York City," "Essays on Practical Politics," "The Wilderness Hunter," "Hero Tales From American History," "Big Game of the United States," and "The Strenuous Life."

He is an enthusiastic sportsman, is married and has six children.

A Parental Sarcasm.

"Yes," said Farmer Corntossel, "our boy Josiah is devotin' a good deal of time to games an' light literature jes' at present."

"Isn't that a rather unprofitable pursuit?"

"Yes. But you see, all the cabinet offices an' big diplomatic places is filled, so I reckon Josiar feels that there ain't much use fur him to do at present."—Washington Star.

Employment That Pays

is offered to Women, Men, Grown Girls and Boys in the vicinity of their homes by our Subscription Department. We give liberal compensation, the most generous terms ever offered. Prompt reply secures a desirable and permanent position as our special authorized representative, with exclusive rights. Previous experience not desirable, but not necessary. FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, for years a leader among the best illustrated magazines for the home, is stronger, brighter and better than ever. Articles, Stories by famous writers; illustrations by well known artists. Outfit free to persons accepted as agents. Write at a postal today and name two references. This is an opportunity too good to neglect.

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MARSHALL FIELD AND HIS INVESTMENTS

Marshall Field is the prince of merchant princes. Unquestionably he is the richest man in Chicago. His enormous wealth cannot be estimated because it has been invested in such a variety of enterprises. It is believed that at least $25,000,000 have been invested by him in English manufacturing establishments alone. He is the man to whom we pay $5 for a lower berth when we ride in a Pullman car and in many of the great industrial and manufacturing enterprises of Chicago he is the guiding and controlling spirit.

If the story of his life could be written in detail, dealing successively, step by step, with his wonderful rise in the mercantile world, it would constitute one of the most interesting of all American biographies. He is the marvel of marvelous American business life, and his story would be a lesson to the business community of the world. But Mr. Field is not a communicative man. He is easy of access if one has business with him, but, unless he has changed his mind recently, his biography as a merchant will never be written.—Ainslie's Magazine.

STRANGE PROFESSIONS ADOPTED BY WOMEN

Women bread winners have chosen strange careers for themselves in various parts of the world. Their example may inspire others, if not to adopt like profess

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1901.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE .....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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M'KINLEY PORTRAITS.

Already we are having many calls for a portrait of the late President. We have secured an excellent mourning portrait, a full description of which will be found in the Publishers' Column on the fifth page. Order quickly!

CURBING DRINK TRAFFIC EVILS

A novel method of doing away with many of the evils of the drink traffic has recently been inaugurated in England. The saloon business in Great Britain, as well as in America, has become simply an annex to the brewers' monopoly. Perhaps annex is not the proper word. The saloon has become in reality one of the tentacles of the brewers' octopus.

The parent body of the new movement is the Sussex Public House Trust company. The Duke of Norfolk, England's greatest Roman Catholic peer, is one of the prime movers in the new departure. The object of the Public House Trust, says the London correspondent of the New York Evening Post is:

To establish in each county a Public House Trust company with men of eminence as trustees, charged with the administration of the property of the trust. The scheme is to get rid of the absurd system of making huge donations to applicants by granting them licenses; to acquire for the trust the management of public houses; to hand over 5 per cent only of the profits to the shareholders, and apply the balance to local public purposes; to pay the manager of each public house a salary and a commission on the intoxicants, and so dissociate the selling of intoxicating liquor from the making of private profit; and, generally, to make the public house a creditable place of entertainment and refreshment instead of the evil-smelling haunt of vice and intemperance which it now too generally is.

Before the next Brewster sessions the central association will issue a circular to every licensing body in the United Kingdom suggesting that no new license be issued to any individual or company for the sake of private profit where there is instead a body of public-spirited citizens in the locality ready to take over any new license which the magistrates may think necessary, and to work it for the public advantage of the district concerned.

Great Britain, as is well known, is to day the worst country in christendom for drunkenness. There is no other country in which that vice has reached the proportions of such an enormous evil. Wine bibbing France is sobriety itself in comparison with ale-consuming, beer drinking England. The very integrity of the race is threatened before the ravages of intoxication.

The most practical method of reform has been sought after for decades by the most advanced English philanthropists, and the operation of the method proposed by the promoters of public house trust companies will be watched with interest by temperance reformers all over the world.

It doesn't mean prohibition. There is nothing sumptuary in the method. But that it will do away with many of the evils common to the drink traffic there can be little doubt.

The new scheme perhaps savors somewhat of the South Carolina plan, but the two are far from being identical. In the Public House Trust plan the present licensing power is simply to be used with more descretion than heretofore. In South Carolina no licenses are issued. Whisky sold in that state is sold by the state and that by bottle measure, none of which may be drunk on the premises.

In the Public House Trust plan drinking is permitted in the house. A premium is placed on the sale of non-intoxicants, the profits to go to the manager of the house. While the system may not result in very appreciably lessening the amount of intoxicants consumed, the fact must not be lost sight of that the primary purpose is to do away with many of the evils of competitive selling of intoxicants by the hired agents of the brewers' monopoly.

REBUKE ANARCHY.

The present week is one of private grief and national mourning. The sad proprieties of the occasion, the dignity of the people, both in their personal capacities and in their collective function as patriotic American citizens, demand that there shall be no demonstrations of violence against the wretched caitiff shivering in his cell at Buffalo, nor against any one else, who may be so unpatriotically reckless as to run counter to popular opinion regarding the death of the Chief Magistrate.

The law is amply sufficient to deal with the criminal and with all the anarchist brood. The nation stands in the focus of the world's attention. Our procedure, both as citizens and as a nation, should be marked by full self-control and a studied self-respect for and observance of the forms of law. Let us give assurance to all nations that the self-governing people of the Great Republic have an abiding faith in the sufficiency of their form of government to meet all emergencies; that we will not set at defiance the laws which have been enacted by our chosen representatives. Anarchy is opposed to all law, all government. The strongest protest against its abhorrent doctrines will be to show our absolute belief in the adequacy of law, and our loyal and unquestioning obedience to it.

President Roosevelt has the confidence of the American people, and this confidence will be strengthened the better he is known.

St. Louis is preparing to spend, on the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, just double what that territory cost the United States.

Business conditions are so good in the United States that even the Buffalo tragedy will not permanently affect them.

PRESIDENT M'KINLEY.

President McKinley is dead!

This Republic is not alone in its grief. While we have lost our chief magistrate, the nations of the world mourn the death of a man loved for his tenderness, patience and kindness, respected for his clean character and noble manhood, and esteemed and honored as the greatest and most successful ruler of the mightiest nation on earth.

And so, while the bells are tolling and the flags are half-masted and the sombre drapery of mourning is seen throughout this fair land, and while all classes and creeds are bowed in grief, the peoples of all other nations mingle their tears with ours and unite with us in exclaiming in a spirit of resignation, "Thy will be done."

He has been called to complete the triumvirate of martyred American rulers, and is now enshrined with the sainted Lincoln and the immortal Garfield in the nation's hall of martyrs.

What a galaxy of greatness, nobility, gentleness and simplicity!

His untimely taking off has plunged a nation and a world in tears. Ten days ago strong and vigorous; looking forward to the completion of his great work so well begun and so ably prosecuted; holding in a greater degree the confidence of the whole people than any President since Washington, thinking of the time when he could lay aside public cares and retire to well-earned rest among his fellow countrymen. To-day cold and still in death; the victim of an assassin's bullet!

Awful is the shock. When Booth shot Lincoln the news of the foul deed was immediately followed by the tidings of the death of the victim. Guiteau's dastardly crime was followed by months of anxious waiting, but it was waiting without hope, for Garfield's death seemed decreed from the beginning. But in the case of President McKinley the first shock was followed by such cheering news from his bedside that the world was made to believe his recovery would be speedy and complete, and then suddenly the calamity came with a swiftness which has dazed mankind.

The people of the United States learned to honor and love William McKinley. He combined the attributes of a great man and a good man. His patriotism was shown while a youth in willingly taking up arms for the preservation of the Union. His breadth of statesmanship and his constructive ability as a legislator was displayed during the years he served his district, his state and his country in the halls of legislation. His executive force was made manifest in his two terms as governor of Ohio, and then called to the highest office in the gift of the country, he surprised his friends and confounded his critics by giving the Republic an administration so wise and so beneficent as to place it at the forefront of the nations of the world.

As a citizen and a man, President McKinley was worthy the wealth of encomiums now showered upon his martyred head. He had the courage of a lion and the gentleness of a dove. He dared to do right, and when he found himself in the wrong he was great enough to admit it. In his domestic life he was love and devotion personified, and to his friends and to all with whom he came in contact he was the courteous American gentleman.

But why was he permitted to be used as the target for the assassin's bullet? Only God in His infinite wisdom can answer. Was his untimely taking off necessary to arouse this country to the dangers of anarchy? Was his death demanded in order that we may realize the necessity of exterminating these foes of government before our institutions are in yet greater peril? If so, it is an awful price to pay, and the lesson should be severe enough to be lasting.

The Republic is secure, but a radical remedy needs to be adopted to rid it of every specie of anarchy. Let the measures be drastic, and let them be speedily applied.

President McKinley is dead, but his name and fame will live, and the memory of his well-spent life will forever remain one of the most priceless jewels in the affections of the American people.

GREATER RESPECT FOR LAW.

An emphatic demand is going up from all over the country for more stringent laws in respect to anarchists and anarchistic gatherings. The immigration laws, it is claimed, should be further amended to the end that undesirable persons may be kept out of the country. The cry is for such legislation as will most effectually suppress anarchy and render impossible a repetition of the recent national calamity.

This demand is just and should be and will be met, but what is most needed is the prompt enforcement of existing laws and a higher regard for constituted authority. The wheels of justice revolve too slowly and too many criminals escape punishment. The taking of life is looked upon with too little concern.

Consider the number of cold-blooded murders which have been committed here in Toledo within the past five years and how few of the perpetrators have been properly punished. Not a Toledo murderer has paid the greatest penalty for his crime and few of them are even now serving prison sentences.

Within the past week we have had the spectacle of worthy citizens petitioning for the release of a man from the workhouse who is one of the most dangerous characters in the city. These citizens give him a certificate of character even though, within a short time, he shot to the death an old and crippled man.

There should be adequate and speedy punishment of all crime and a more general respect for all laws.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

By reason of the calamity which has befallen the nation, Vice President Roosevelt will become the twenty-sixth President of the United States. Although a young man, the youngest of any of our Presidents, he has had the experience of a veteran in onerous official positions, and in not one of them has he proved disappointing.

Americans like the class of men of which Mr. Roosevelt is a type. They do things and do them right. There is never a question as to where they are to be found. They are honest and fearless, and when in positions of authority they demand strict honesty in others.

Theodore Roosevelt is popular with men who believe in clean government. He is popular with good citizens, for he is a good citizen himself. Corruption has always avoided him, for he smites it at every opportunity. He is a big-hearted, big-brained, loyal and patriotic American citizen.

The helm of the ship of state is safe in his hands. He will preserve the dignity and integrity of the Union. A man who at all times prefers peace, no nation, great or small, will dare insult the American flag or do violence to an American citizen without the act being promptly resented.

Mr. Roosevelt has a clear insight into governmental affairs. He is in every way equipped for the high position of President, and, although he succeeds to it under adverse circumstances, he will prove himself equal to all emergencies.

CARTOONING THE PRESIDENT.

In one of the small towns near Toledo, is a young man, a mere boy, a clerk in a village store. He is a good boy, a favorite with all who know him, and so trustworthy that as a business man of the place remarked, "I would willingly entrust that boy with $10,000 and know my money would be perfectly safe."

Last Friday afternoon another boy living in the vilage went to the store, and, of course, the first remark was about the shooting of the President.

"Well, he ought to be shot," said the young clerk. "What do you mean?" asked the other boy in amazement. "I say he ought to be shot," reiterated the clerk. "McKinley is nothing but Mark Hanna's dog and I can prove it," and down he went under the counter and brought out one of Hearst's newspapers in which the President was caricatured as an insignificant being attached to Mark Hanna by means of a chain.

That good boy was falsely educated through the medium of villainous cartoons.

This is merely one instance. That there is a multitude of similar cases all over the country there is little doubt.

There is something abhorrent in holding up to ridicule the chief man of the greatest country on earth. It is a great wrong, not far removed from treason, to so cheapen the highest position in the world. Pictures are an educator, but that education may be for evil as well as for good. The artist's pencil can better be employed than in reviling the man chosen by the people for chief magistrate of the republic.

Let the Davenports and the Oppers turn their talents in a more patriotic direction and let the Hearsts and the McLeans call a halt on their work of villification and abuse.

Severity of punishment does not check crime. Witness the burnings of men in the South, and the lynchings as well. What is needed is not severe punishments for anarchistic crimes, but the expulsion of the anarchists themselves.

The President's assailant is guilty of treason. It was not Mr. McKinley he shot, but the President of the United States. It is to be regretted that punish for treason cannot be meted out to him.

Let the trial of the miserable Czolgosz be ended as quickly as possible, and let it be conducted with as little notoriety as possible. About the only thing the country cares to know about the assassin is that he is dead.

The first great duty devolving upon Congress when it meets in December is to enact laws that will keep anarchists out of the country.

Why can not the assassin of a President be tried by court-martial, as the latter is the commander-in-chief of the army and navy?

The steel strike is at an end, and for this the country is thankful.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CAREER.

The life of William McKinley is ended. He takes his place in American history as the third of the triad of our greatest and best-beloved Presidents—Washington and Lincoln bing the others. Senator Vest, of Missouri, though always opposed to the great Ohioan in matters political, adds that there have been in our national political life but four great leaders of men—Jefferson, Van Buren, Lincoln and McKinley—and that the latter was the greatest of the four. This is the view of the practical politician, but its correctness is undoubted.

Looking back over his political career, from the time that he entered the House of Representatives from an Ohio district, the most salient characteristic was his unfailing kindliness of heart. He earned the respect of his political foes, and, even in the heat of debate, he never allowed himself to violate his unwavering rule of political discussion—to bring his powers of eloquence and logic to bear against the principles of his opponents, not against the latter personally. He never indulged in the old-time methods of detraction and abuse. He discussed principles, not men.

Another notable characteristic came to the front when he first assumed executive office as governor of Ohio. It was his sincere desire to keep thoroughly informed on pubuc opinion. He realized that the executive of either state or nation who does not keep in touch with the current of intelligent thought on public matters and governmental policies will oft-times fail, no matter how sincere and well-meaning he may be. And he pursued the same course when he reached the Presidential station. He never swerved in principle, however. He was not one to change his opinions because of popular clamor. He bided his time, and when he felt assured the policy he deemed best for the country had behind it the approval of the thoughtful men of the nation, he moved for its adoption.

Because of these two traits of character—his amiability and courtesy, and his desire always to have his course approved by the best public sentiment—his course was at times misconstrued. Many American citizens, misled by the statements of his political foes, and perhaps still more by the infamous cartoons of the yellow journals, adopted the entirely false opinion that he was a weak man, who could be manipulated by his party friends for political ends. No more erroneous judgment could have been given. William McKinley was a strong man, a masterful man; but his urbanity and sincerity were so constant and unfailing that they obscured to some degree the strength of character and the self-confidence which were really his characteristics.

His administration will go down in history as one of the most successful in our history hitherto. It was most notable for two things—the new prosperity it brought to the nation, and the removal of the bitterness of feeling which had been so marked at the South since the civil war. William McKinley was the unifier of the nation.

A "NEW CHINA."

The attention of the American people has been so absorbed by events at Buffalo that the incidents which mark the close of armed intervention by the allies in China have attracted little interest. The protocol has been signed, the foreign troops have practically evacuated Pekin, and China has again taken control of her capital.

This episode in international history bids fair to be the beginning of a new era in Chinese civilization. An edict has just been promulgated by the imperial court, which proclaims that future examinations for the public service will give little attention to the Chinese classics, and much to proficiency in western science, western industrial methods and western forms of government. If this edict be carried out in good faith, it will mean a complete revolution in Chinese ideas and governmental administration.

The work, however, will be slow. A standard is set up of which most of the official class are entirely ignorant. But the edict will impel the ambitious young Chinese who seek official preferment to seek foreign instruction, and the leaven will slowly spread through the nation. The important thing is that a beginning has been made.

Roosevelt is the youngest man to occupy the Presidential chair. James K. Polk was 45 years old when he was inaugurated President. Roosevelt is 43.

It is a coincidence that the final funeral services over President McKinley will take place on the anniversary of the death of the martyred Garfield.

FAITH AND TRUST IN GOD.

Perhaps never before in the history of the country did so many persons attend church services as yesterday. The regular Sunday amusements and recreations were either abandoned or where places of amusement were open the attendance was small. But the churches were filled with a sorrowing people brought together by a great national calamity.

This is a God-loving, a God-fearing and a God-trusting people. They may become careless and frivolous and at times they may seem godless, but when the dark hours come, when a great bereavement makes mourners of all, when the people need to be comforted and solaced and strengthened, it is then that they turn to God's sanctuaries, bring their sorrow to the Great Comforter and implore His sustaining grace.

This is a praying nation, a God-believing people. Fervent were the supplications for the President's recovery during the week following the act of the assassin and closing with the death of the martyred chief. But even though prayers did not avail faith in God was not lost and in humble resignation breathing "Thy will be done," the millions crowded the churches of the land to receive that comfort which only God can give.

Make a note of this, ye scoffers! Dare you now say that the people of this country have forgotten God?

"If anybody," says the Hartford Courant, "obstructs an officer of a federal court in the discharge of his duty, federal law can fine him $300 and lock him up for three months. If he murders or half murders the President of the United States, federal law cannot touch him. Any punishment he gets will be inflicted by a state court and under state statutes. That's a strange condition of things, but it's so." Another point for the consideration of Congress next winter.

One of the good results of the war in China is the abolition of the old Tsung li Yamen, or board of foreign affairs. These matters will be hereafter in charge of Prince Ching, with two associates, long in public service—Wang Wen Shao and Chu Hung Chi. This change will center responsibility and tend to expedite business. The new commission is called the Wai Pu Yu.

COMMENT OF THE WEEK.

The Nation's Sorrow.

In its hour of sorrow, great and tender as that is, the republic has no moments of weakness or of doubt. The foremost in place among her distinguished sons lies stricken, but others stand ready to take up the burden of duty, and to see that, whatever may betide, the republic shall take no detriment. Indeed, the present is peculiarly a time to appreciate the continuity of the counsels of the nation. There has, perhaps, never been a period when a change in the personnel of the chief magistracy boded less change in the policy of the government. Mr. Roosevelt has been and is in special harmony with the policy of William McKinley in its larger lines; indeed, both in civil office and in the field he aided in carrying out that policy. There is no question anywhere of the strength and the ability, the enthusiasm and the fidelity which he brings to the discharge of the weighty duties of the office, while his demeanor during the recent trying situation has disclosed traits of character which have attracted the confidence of conservative men.

The Crop Report.

The September crop report, contrary to the general expectation, showed a further decline—a slight one, however—in the condition of corn and a reduction in the probable yield of wheat, based upon the condition of wheat, both spring and winter, at the time of harvest. As interpreted by Mr. J. C. Brown, statistician of the New York Produce Exchange, the September report points to a yield of 644,835,000 bushels of wheat, 1,335,093,000 bushels of corn and 763,425,000 bushels of oats. It is hardly necessary to remark that the yield of wheat here given is not as large as that generally believed to have been gathered, trade opinion still clinging to a yield of nearly 700,000,000 bushels. In corn, too, discarding the extreme low estimates, opinion has inclined to a crop not far from 1,400,000,000 bushels. On the face of the September figures, however, there is a gain of 23 per cent. over last year in wheat, but a decline of 36 per cent. in corn and of slightly less than 6 per cent. in oats.

Dealing With Anarchists.

One of the most prominent jurists of Missouri expresses the opinion that the Congress of the United States has full power to pass a law depriving anarchists of citizenship, to deport them as permanent exiles, to take away their naturalization papers and to exclude them as immigrants. The national constitution declares, as another leading jurist points out, that Congress shall have power to "provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States;" and surely when a President is assassinated by a secret order of murderers and revolutionists, organized within the country itself, the exercise of the law of self-defense becomes imperative. The President was shot for no other reason than that he was the highest official officer of the United States. It was a bloody assault upon the right of the people to conduct the form of government they have adopted, and even upon their right to adopt any form of government whatever. The people elected their President, and the anarchists proceeded to remove him by assassination. In this terrible deed are involved the common defense and general welfare in far more than the ordinary sense, and Congress must act in the case with prompt and decisive energy.

Peary's Achievement.

If it were not for the stress of more important news, the announcement of Lieutenant Peary's achievement in northern Greenland would be received with general interest. As it is, everybody who has followed with sympathy and pleasure the story of Arctic exploration in years past will note with gratification the success of the daring American explorer in reaching a higher point than any of his predecessors has succeeded in reaching on land. The distinction between high northern latitudes on solid earth and on the frozen ocean should be kept clearly in mind. Peary, though he has exceeded the land achievement of Lockwood and Brainard in the same vicinity nineteen years ago, failed by many miles to get as near the Pole as Nansen got in 1895 and as the young Duke of the Abruzzi's party got last year. Their remarkable dashes were made over the icy seas, to the north of Franz Josef Land, on the other side of the earth. Peary has penetrated northward along the Greenland coast, and has built a cairn of stones to hold a record of his journey, nearer the Pole than any known explorer ever set foot before.

Venezuela and Colombia.

There is no evidence to show that Venezuela has taken steps to withdraw regular troops placed in menacing positions, or has in any other way heeded the warning conveyed by Secretary Hay recently in a note to our minister at Caracas. Our consul at Maracaibo declares in a report dated Aug. 31 that a state of war actually exists, several small conflicts having already taken place, and that recruiting is constantly going on. The Goajira peninsula, where the situation is gravest, has been claimed for some time by Venezuela as her rightful territory, and a glance at the map will show why the Venezuelan forces could be easily employed against Colombia at that point. Colombian troops are being massed there for defense. Besides conflicts between regular troops of the two republics, there is additional evidence that President Castro is actually supporting the Colombian rebels. From the American point of view the only immediate concern is whether an attack on Colombia will menace our rights on the Isthmus, and in this respect there is nothing as yet to show that the situation will grow serious. If, as is probable, President Castro has designs upon some part of Colombian territory, he may rest content with a successful invasion of it. Secretary Hay's note intimated plainly to Castro that he would not be allowed to touch the Isthmus, but contained no reference to any disagreement or possible war between the two countries which should leave the Panama province still in the possession of Colombia.

Australia's Naval Policy.

A dispatch from Sydney announcing that the federal minister of defence is drafting a national naval policy bears out the predictions made that as soon as Australia became practically an independent nation she would organize her own army and navy. The first has already been begun, and there is little doubt that a navy will also be created, manned and officered by Australians only. This has resulted from the determination of Australia to assert herself in the South Pacific, and the memory of British tardiness and neglect in enforcing Australian opinion some years ago in regard to New Guinea and the French penal settlement in New Caledonia has no doubt convinced the federal government that its interests can be safely intrusted only to a local force. Great Britain is not likely to object, as she feels her naval responsibilities to be too large already, nor would her objection avail.

Senator Wellington.

The name of Wellington becomes more odious. That dishonored member of the Senate of the United States, far from hiding his head in shame in the face of the universal contempt and loathing, as the members of the Union League of Maryland well described it, which his brutal words in reference to the murdered President aroused throughout the country, has had the impudence to ascribe that feeling to politics. "The action of the Union League in expelling me," he observes, "is a matter of unconcern to me. It is composed largely of my political enemies, and I am really glad to be free of connection with it." There is no place among honest men for a man convicted of such a despicable nature.

MOST STRIKING BOER WAR CARTOON
A PICTURE DENOUNCED IN ENGLAND

It is not often that a cartoon excites so much attention as that published by the Amsterdammer a short time since, showing negro soldiers under the British flag shooting down white women in South Africa. This was based upon Mr. Chamberlain's speech in the house of commons, in which he intimated that the employment of the blacks as soldiers was contemplated in the near future.

Friends of the Boers professed to be horrified at this suggestion, and said it would alienate sympathy for the British among the Cape Colonists, even those of English birth, the race feeling there being even stronger than it is in the southern states. One London paper has pointed out that, in spite of American race prejudice, there are black troops in our regular army.

The Amsterdammer's cartoon has been widely copied, and more than once referred to in public speeches. The London Daily Mail called it "a disgraceful cartoon," but republished it. Continental critics pronounce it the most striking of the Boer war cartoons.—New York Herald.

Jamaica's Wonderful Lace Tree.

We had been in this picturesque isle of springs several weeks, amused and interested by the curious habits and speech of the native blacks. We had admired its blue hills and wandered among its deep and winding valleys and rivers. Its giant silk cotton trees had inspired us with awe. Its banana, sugar cane, coffee and pimento plantations had charmed us with their strange loveliness. We had feasted on its mangoes, alligator pears, naseberries, star apples and other delicious fruit. At night we had seen myriads of fireflies illuminating the darkness like fairy lights. And now before leaving it remained only for us to see the famous lace-bark tree (lagetta lintearia, which, as if conscious of its unique attributes, grows in the most inaccessible places of the island, on rocky mountain heights.

One glorious morning we started on our excursion. The air was pure and invigorating. We wore the broad-brimmed white straw hats made by the natives, which protect one so perfectly from the rays of a tropical sun as to make an umbrella superfluous. Having no rainy-day skirts, we imitated the market women and tied strings around us below the hips, drew up the dress by this means as far as the waist, and allowed it to gather and puff around the waist, the result being most indicrous. A black boy carried our rations in a "bancra" (basket) poised on his head.

After cutting through fields where cows and horses grazed in the tall guinea grass and passing by mangoes, cedars and almonds innumerable, stopping here and there to admire hybiscus hedges, which surround a negro dwelling, we reached a spot where vegetation grew scarce, and our climb began. A vigorous climb it was, over steep crags and huge bowlders of limestone. We were nearing the habitat of the tree.

"Co deh, missis!" (look here) exclaimed the boy, robbing us of the pleasure we anticipated in recognizing the tree at first sight. There it was, sure enough. Some thirty feet high, and insinuating its roots into the fissures. The leaves were round and broad and the blossoms closely resembled the lily of the valley.

"But surely the lace bark does not grow like that?" is the question the writer has to answer each time she shows the original of these pictures. The rosette, with its snowy white frills of delicate lace, is a constant source of wonder. How are these layers produced? There are over twenty! And the bark is only an eighth of an inch thick! It is hollow within. Is it possible that beautiful white puff is contained in that small compass? Incredible!"

But there is really nothing too strange not to be true. Within that eighth of an inch in a compressed state really lie those layers of filmy lace.

The original of these drawings is a cutting from a branch, about seven inches in length, and it has been prepared to show just how the lace is produced from the bark. The pith and wood have been removed, leaving the hollow space. The skin of the bark has been peeled off half way, and after maceration in fresh water the white substance being stretched out transversely, discloses this curious material composed of fibers which interlace in all directions.

In figure I the bark is seen in its natural state, and the lace as it is peeled off, layer after layer. The texture of the first few layers is coarse, becoming fine as the inner part of the bark is reached, the innermost layers being as finely and delicately woven as the most exquisitely wrought lace.

Figure II shows the hollow and the thickness of the bark. Figure I gives a front view of the rosette with its frills pushed back sufficiently to show the opening and the innermost layer. Each layer in its turn could be removed in like manner, leaving barely the skin of the bark. Figure III represents one of the frills of the rosette. It can, of course, be produced in various lengths and widths, and is strong and firm enough to bear washing with care.

Though its use is now chiefly restricted to the making of doilies and curios for the tourist, it was at one time made up into bonnets, net caps, veils and ruffles by the inhabitants of the island. Charles II was presented by a governor of Jamaica with a cravat, frill and ruffles of this natural textile. The irony of nature confronts one even here, and it is not pleasant to record so pleasant a fact, that, during the time of slavery, this curious bark furnished the thongs for the taskmaster's whip. To what base uses can the marvelous be put!—Chicago Record-Herald.

Output of the British Mint.

The recently issued report of the deputy master of England's mint shows that the output of new money was beyond all precedent in 1900. A total of 102 tons of standard gold, 23½ tons of standard silver and 22½ tons of bronze was coined into 107,668,513 pieces. In addition nearly 30,000,000 pieces were struck in the colonial mints. The output of the English mint amounted in value to about $53,000,000.

PUT 'EM OUT AND KEEP 'EM OUT.

UNWORTHY TO ENTER WITHIN THE PALE OF CIVILIZATION.
—New York Tribune.

Publishers' Column

M'KINLEY MOURNING PORTRAITS.

We offer our readers a very handsome portrait of our late President, size 25x19, with mourning border and his last words: "It Is God's Way—His Will Be Done."

Prices—One portrait, 15c; 2 portraits, 25c, or 12 for $1, all charges prepaid.

Address all orders to The Blade, Toledo, O.

HIGH GRADE SILVER-PLATED TABLEWARE.

New Goods—New Prices.

We offer our readers this season a new and very handsome beaded pattern of silver-plated tableware. Our prices are very low, and there is no reason why every family who takes The Blade should not be well supplied with handsome tableware.

These goods are made of the finest quality of nickel silver, plated with pure silver, and are guaranteed by the manufacturers both in style and plate to be equal to the highest possible standard of excellence. The knives and forks are triple plated with pure silver, on the finest quality of crucible steel. These knives first receive a coating of copper; they are then heavily plated with nickel, and afterward with pure silver. Nickel-plate not only doubles the durability of the goods, but, being nearly impervious to moisture, renders knives so plated much less liable to rust than those plated in the ordinary way.

These goods are manufactured by the genuine Rogers' Bros., and their stamp is on each article. If you do not find the goods to be exactly as represented return them and we will cheerfully refund your money.

Prices.

½ doz. teaspoons	$1.00
½ doz. tablespoons	2.00
½ doz. dessert spoons	1.75
Butter knife	.50
Sugar shell	.40
Gravy ladle	.65
½ doz. knives and forks, beaded handles	3.90
½ doz. knives and forks, plain handles	3.65

These goods will be sent by open mail or express, charges prepaid by us, at purchaser's risk. If you desire goods sent by registered mail, remit 8 cents additional. Address all orders to The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

THE BEADED PATTERN.

A New and Handsome Design in Nickel Silver Ware.

These goods are equal in style and finish to high grade silver plated ware. They are made of the finest quality of nickel silver, a composition of nickel and silver that looks and wears like silver, does not tarnish, and will wear a lifetime. These goods must be seen to be appreciated.

PRICES:

One-half dozen teaspoons	$0.75
One dozen teaspoons	1.25
One-half dozen dessert spoons	1.00
One dozen dessert spoons	1.75
One-half dozen table spoons	1.30
One dozen table spoons	2.25
Butter Knife	.30
Sugar Shell	.25

Send for a sample. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

Blade Watches by Mail.

Many years experience in supplying subscribers with watches by mail at less than retail prices, has taught us that cheap goods and odd brands are unsatisfactory. There are other good watches, but that our readers may know in advance what they are buying, we make our new list herewith submitted, entirely of Walthams and Elgins. These well known names, coupled with the endorsement of The Blade, will leave no room for doubt in the minds of those who wish to order. In this list we have endeavored to meet the views of all classes, beginning with a cheap watch for common use of boys or men, and running up to better and more reliable grades. These watches are all stem set and stem wind, and all gold filled cases, are fitted with solid gold bows, hinges and thumb pieces. Write us if you desire other or special styles not listed below. We send these watches, postpaid by registered mail on receipt of price named. Address The Blade, Toledo, Ohio. Send for our descriptive circulars.

No. 9.

Waltham or Elgin open face, 7-jeweled nickel works. Case is ore silver, a composition metal of high grade. Looks and wears like silver; screw back and face, with heavy plate crystal. Price delivered by mail $5.50.

No. 11.

Case same as No. 9, fitted with Elgin or Waltham 15-jeweled movement. Price only $8.00.

No. 17.

Waltham or Elgin 20-year gold filled case, guaranteed to wear as stated, screw back. Works same as No. 9. Price, open face, by mail, $10.00; same in hunting case, $12.00.

No. 23.

Same as No. 17, except works will be 15 jewel. Price, open face, screw back, $17.00; same, hunting case, $14.00.

No. 25.

Ladies' solid gold hunting case Waltham or Elgin, 14-karat gold. Jewel Waltham or Elgin, stem wind and set. This same watch The Blade has sold for more than ten years, and we know them to be satisfactory. Price by mail, $20.00.

No. 27.

Ladies' hunting case, 20-year, gold filled. Works exactly same as No. 25, and case just as good for all purposes. We will send this watch postpaid for $14.00.

No. 33—For Girls.

Works same as above, in open, 20-year filled case. Just the thing for girls or ladies who desire an open face. Price by mail, $11.50.

5 Year Guaranteed Plated Chains.

No. 1—Men's small link, 11 inch	$2.00
No. 2—Men's medium size link	1.75
No. 3—Ladies' gold slide chain, 48 inches	2.25

Cut Paper Patterns.

READ THE OFFER:

These patterns will be mailed to any address for only 10 cents each. In ordering, address "Pattern Department, Blade, Toledo, Ohio," enclose 10 cents silver for each pattern wanted (do not send stamps if you can obtain other funds). State both title and number of pattern.

Full description and directions—as the number of yards and material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by.

1836—Edith Wrapper.

Sizes for 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. The Edith wrapper is a pretty model for small children. It should be made loose so that it can be easily slipped on. It has a pointed yoke and the skirt is fulled on front and

back and buttons down the front. The fullness at the waist is held in place by a belt that passes through straps. The sleeve is full and gathered at the wrist. French or outing flannel, and dainty cotton fabrics are the materials generally used.

1809—Child's Eton Jacket.

Sizes for 12, 14 and 16 years. A most useful suit for general wear is the ever popular tailor suit. This jaunty Eton jacket is cut tight fitting, double breasted, and has no seam in the back. The materials

suitable for this design are serge, cheviot, homespun and tweed, and the trimming is simple rows of stitching. Any style of gored or circle skirt.

2124—Tuxedo Bolero.

Sizes for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. For the woman having a good straight figure, and one who carries herself well, this costume is a sure success. It will lend itself to any one of the many fall goods in one color, or in a check, or the woolen canvas that is so striking and in such favor. The jaunty little bolero, which is really a compromise

between a bolero and Eton, is the simplest thing in the whole list of fall garments. It is bound around the edge with a panne silk band well stitched, and the clusters of tiny buttons are a pretty decoration. Worn over Summer shirt-waists with a smart tie, it is chic indeed.

2113—Wylie Blouse.

Sizes for 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. The white taffeta blouse is suitable for all dress occasions in the summer, and is an excellent standby to fill the place of the muslin or lawn embroidered shirt-waist when the temperature is lower than usual, or to wear when the lawn waist is at the laundry. The Wylie blouse is made with a silk lining, and although the sleeve

is attached to the puffed undersleeve, the latter may be equally well arranged by finishing up the sleeve with the three little velvet ribbon bands, and then drawing it on over a silk muslin undersleeve. The waist is tucked before cutting, and may be in clusters of three according to the design or in all-over tucks, just as desired. The collar is trimmed with lace, or it may be trimmed with a knife plaiting of the silk. The Wylie blouse is suitable for flannel, or challie, or nun's veiling as well.

1338—Priscilla Apron.

Size medium. Aprons can be such ugly looking garments if they are badly cut and

in dingy colors. Housewives who feel the necessity of wearing aprons while busy about the house, and who feel it an equal duty to always look trim and neat while at work, will be delighted with the Priscilla apron, the new princess design given in this number. It is cut to fit the figure as prettily as a tailor gown, and it has a special advantage in the way the pockets are set in the front seams; large, capacious pockets they are, but out of the way of the door-knobs and pump-handles that are always reaching out to seize and destroy them when left within reach. A full ruffle gives a pretty finish, and hides the pocket openings.

Complete Pattern Catalogue

In order to accommodate those who desire to obtain patterns that have already been published in The Blade, we have issued a catalogue, giving brief description and illustration of all the best patterns we have published up to March 1, 1901. We will send this catalogue to any one on receipt of 6 cents in stamps.

THE BLADE.

2138—Dean Waist.

Sizes for 14 and 16 years. This charming little gown for a girl of fourteen and sixteen years is very appropriate for school. The skirt is the usual circular front and gored back, and is untrimmed, but the waist which is called the Dean is so attractive that it redeems the plain skirt. It made of blue and white foulards, the vest

may be of the same shade. The shoulder caps are also an attractive bit of trimming. The belt is plain and is of the same material as the vest. This pattern will work up well in any woolen fabric, either plain or figured.

1897—Kara Skirt.

Sizes for 12, 14 and 16 years. It has a circular front, and side pieces and a gored back, having the fullness gathered at the belt. Any of the favorite woolen and cotton fabrics are suitable for this model, simply finished with stitching. If so desired this skirt may be cut with the front edges placed lengthwise on the goods, giving a seam down the center of the front.

1709—Dunbar Jacket.

DO NOT FAIL to give the Number of pattern and Measurements it will save trouble and delay

Address with remittance in current funds.

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

PRESIDENT M'KINLEY NO MORE

Passed Away at 2:15 O'clock on Saturday Morning, September 14, 1901.

Milburn House, Buffalo, Sept. 14.—William McKinley, twenty-fifth President of the United States, died at 2:15 o'clock this morning, from the effects of an assassin's bullet.

Theodore Roosevelt, twenty-sixth President of the United States, succeeds to that exalted office under the constitution and laws of the country and with the administration of the oath of office to-day, he will begin the exercise of the functions of President.

In these statements are embraced the consummation of an awful tragedy and the historic events by which the entire administration of government is changed and a new administration comes into being.

The death of President McKinley came in the small hours of the morning, under circumstances of peculiar weirdness. For hours he had lain unconscious, with all hope of his survival abandoned. As early as six o'clock last night the doctors had pronounced him a dying man, and soon thereafter the rigors of approaching death began to creep upon him. The administration of powerful stimulants was maintained until 7 o'clock, but with no effect. It was seen that the end was near at hand and those nearest and dearest to the stricken President were summoned for the offices of the last farewell. He came out of a stupor about 7 o'clock, and while his mind was partially clear, there occurred the last endearments, the last submission of the sufferer to the will of the Almighty, the last murmured expressions from his dying lips and the last good byes. In this interval of consciousness, Mrs. McKinley was brought into the death chamber. The President had asked to see her. She came and sat beside him, held his hand, and heard from him his last words of encouragement and comfort. Then she was led away and not again during his living hours did she see him.

President's Last Prayer.

The President himself fully realized that his hour had come, and his mind turned to his Maker. He whispered feebly "Nearer, My God to Thee," the words of the hymn always dear to his heart. Then in faint accents he murmured, "Good bye, all; good bye. It is God's way. His will be done, not ours."

With this sublime display of Christian fortitude, the President soon after lapsed into unconsciousness.

The members of the cabinet, grief stricken, were gathered in the large drawing room of the Milburn house. The time had come when they, too, were to look upon the President for the last time in life. They ascended the stairway one after the other, noiselessly approaching the threshold of the chamber where the dying man lay and gazed within. Those who came first turned back appalled and overwhelmed and did not pass within the chamber. Secretary Wilson remained below, unwilling to have imprinted on his memory the picture of his expiring chief. Secretary Long, who arrived on a late train, went at once to the chamber and passed directly to the bedside of the President, grasping the hand that was already clammy with approaching death.

Was Now Unconscious.

Meanwhile the President had lapsed into a state of complete unconsciousness, and it was only a question of hours, perhaps minutes, when the end would come. By 10 o'clock there was no perceptible pulse. The extremities had grown cold and the rigidity of death was fast falling upon the sufferer. The physicians who remained at his sides detected only the faintest heart beats. Some of them, knowing that all was over, departed, while others remained, not because there was any further need for their ministrations, but because of respect for the expiring President. Dr. Janeway, the eminent heart specialist, who had been summoned from New York, arrived shortly before midnight and proceeded at once to the bedside of the President. An instant's glance told him that the time had passed for the slightest hope. He turned away, telling the assembled relatives and officials that the end was very near. Midnight came and still the tremendous vitality of the President was battling against dissolution. Another hour passed so, and still another.

At 2 o'clock Dr. Rixey was the only physician in the death chamber. The others were in an adjoining room, while the relatives, cabinet officers and nearest friends were gathered in silent groups in the apartments below. As he watched, Dr. Rixey observed a slight convulsive tremor. The President had entered the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Word was at once taken to the immediate relatives, who were not present, to hasten for the last look upon the President in life. They came in groups, the women weeping and the men bowed and sobbing in their intense grief.

Group at the Bedside.

Grouped about the bedside, at this final moment, were the only brother of the President, Abner McKinley, and his wife, also Miss Helen McKinley and Mrs. Sarah Duncan, sisters of the President; Miss Mary Barber, niece; Miss Sarah Duncan, niece; Lieutenant James F. McKinley, William M. Duncan and John Barber, nephews; F. M. Osborne, a cousin; Secretary George B. Cortelyou, Hon. Charles G. Dawes, comptroller of the currency; Colonel Webb C. Hayes and Colonel William C. Brown. With these directly and indirectly connected with the family, were those others who had kept ceaseless vigil—the white garbed nurses and the uniformed marine hospital attendants. In the adjoining rooms were Drs. Charles McBurney, Eugene Wasdin, Roswell Park, Charles G. Stockton and Herman Mynter.

The minutes were now flying and it was 2:15 o'clock.

Silent and motionless the circle of loving friends stood about the bedside. Dr. Rixey leaned forward and placed his ear close to the breast of the expiring President. Then he straightened up and made an effort to speak.

The End Announced.

"The President is dead," he said.

The President had passed away peacefully, without the convulsive struggle of death. It was thought he had fallen asleep. As they gazed on the face of the martyred President only the sobs of the mourners broke the silence of the chamber of death. Mr. Cortelyou had been one of the first to rouse after the stunning effect of the announcement of the death. He passed from the room and down the stairway.

There, in the large drawing room, were still assembled the members of the cabinet, officials in the administration and in the confidence of the President. As he appeared at the threshold of the room, they seemed to realize that the message of death had come. Mr. Cortelyou halted at the door and summoning up all of his effort, said:

"Gentlemen, the President has passed away."

Realizing, too, the momentous nature of the event to the people of the country, Mr. Cortelyou stepped through the outer doorway of the Milburn house and advancing down the walk to the newspaper men at the front gate, calmly announced:

"The President died at 2:15 o'clock."

Thus closed the final chapter in the life of William McKinley.

All that remained was to perform those gruesome offices which follow death. There was the sending of the official notices, the summoning of the funeral directors; the first hasty thoughts of the details of burial. Within half an hour, a carriage had brought those who were to take charge of the body. The autopsy, which had been decided upon for the early forenoon, rendered impossible the immediate embalming process. The corpse was laid upon a stretcher and, covered by a sheet, remained in the chamber where death had occurred. A uniformed guard of the United States army hospital corps was detailed for duty at the temporary bier.

Relatives Arrive.

At 10 o'clock Milburn house, which all through the morning had been silent and to outward appearances deserted, showed its first stir. The relatives of President McKinley began arriving, and the waiting attendants stood at the open doors to receive them. Mr. Milburn joined the party at 10 o'clock, and for a time stood at the door with bared head with some of the friends of the McKinley family. By that time great crowds were banked at the ends of the space enclosure, but perfect order was observed. The most painful scene of the morning was caused by camera men. To the number of more than thirty they gained admission through the police lines, and even the grief of the relatives of the dead President was not sacred to them. They pointed their cameras into the tear-stained faces of relatives and snapped the shutters. The police declined to take the responsibility of ejecting them.

Coroner Views Remains.

The coroner of Buffalo, James Wilson, arrived at the residence at 10 o'clock and officially viewed the body. He stated to an Associated Press representative that it had been his intention to empanel a jury, but he had been officially advised by the district attorney that such a proceeding would be unnecessary. After the autopsy he said he would issue a certificate of death and a permit for the removal of the remains. Senator Hanna came to the house at 10:45, accompanied by Comptroller Dawes and Elmer Dover, his private secretary. The senator walked slowly and hatingly and bowed his head as he approached the house that sheltered the remains of his dead friend. Exaggerated reports of Mr. Hanna's illness had previously been sent out, and his appearance on the streets completely dispelled them. He is broken in spirit at the death of President McKinley, but remains strong physically.

MRS. M'KINLEY.

Milburn House, Buffalo, Sept. 14.—It is definitely learned to-day that it was Mrs. Barber, Mrs. McKinley's sister, who broke the news of her great loss to the stricken wife. She went from the bedside of the dead President to the wife whose condition was such that it seemed best to remove her from the sick-room before the end.

Mrs. McKinley is occupying a large south room in the Milburn house overlooking Delaware avenue and Ferry streets. Through the drawn shades the early morning light was breaking when Mrs. Barber told her that the sleep into which the President had passed would know no awakening. Mrs. McKinley, whose extreme delicacy was for years the President's one great sorrow, received the news with unexpected calmness, and at once acquiesced in the request of her physician and family to leave the details of the sad ceremonies in which the entire nation is to join, entirely in the hands of the official and personal friends who are assembled.

All day long she has remained quietly in her room, stricken to the soul, but bravely bearing her sad burden, because she knows "The Major," as she lovingly calls the late President, would bid her to do so.

A Wig

You don't see very many wigs nowadays. People have been educated how to care for the hair. That's one reason. Another is, Ayer's Hair Vigor makes wigs unnecessary. Nothing its equal for feeding the hair.

"For many years my hair has come out so fast every winter that I had to wear a wig. I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. It stopped the falling, and made my hair grow so that last winter I did not use my wig at all."

Sarah F. Lewis, Pittsburg, Pa.

$1. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

BUFFALO SERVICES.

Body Lays In State and Was Viewed by Thousands of Mourners.

Buffalo, Sept. 16.—Buffalo was yesterday a city of mourners. The gay and flaming decorations of the Pan-American exposition gave way to the symbol of sorrow. The black drapery of the city's streets muffled the tolling bells of the churches. Bits of crape appeared on every man's sleeve. The sorrow was everywhere apparent. In the morning a simple service took place at the residence on Delaware avenue, where the martyred President died. A hymn was sung and prayer was offered over the dead body. That was all. Only the immediate family and the friends and political assistants of the late President were present. The scene there was pathetic in the extreme. Then the body was born out to the waiting cortege on the brawny shoulders of eight sailors and soldiers of the republic. The cortege passed through the solid walls of living humanity, bareheaded and grief-stricken, to the city hall, where the body lay in state yesterday afternoon. There a remarkable demonstration occured, which proved how close the President was to the hearts of the people. Arrangements had been made to allow the public to view the body from the time it arrived at about 1:30 o'clock, until about 5 o'clock.

Thousands View Remains.

But the people were wedged into the streets for blocks. Two lines were formed. They extended literally for miles. When 5 o'clock came 40,000 people had already passed, and the crowds waiting below in the streets seemed undiminished. It was decided to extend the time until 7 o'clock. Then for two hours longer the streets were rouse with people, and a constant stream flowed up the steps of the broad entrance into the hall and passed the bier. When the doors were closed at midnight, it was estimated that 80,000 people had viewed the remains, but thousands of disappointed ones were still in the streets.

Brief Service Held.

The day was gray and cheerless. Heavy clouds hung over the city, at times breaking to let through a rift of sunshine, and then threatening to let loose a downpour upon the gathering multitude. The air was humid and heavy, and only a light wind from the south stirred the drooping flags and the emblems of mourning. The very elements seemed to lend fitting accompaniment to the scene of sorrow about to be enacted. Long before the time set for the funeral services, the vicinity of the Milburn house was astir with preparations. At 9 o'clock long platoons of police officers, mounted and on foot, arrived at the grounds and were posted in details along the streets approaching the house. For a block in each direction the streets were roped off to keep back the gathering crowds. The vigilance of the officers in keeping back those not entitled to admission within the reserved area, was redoubled, and those summoned to the service, the uniformed escort of marchers and those whose business imperatively brought them there, passed within the four square precinct about the house, where the body of the dead chief reposed. Major General John R. Brooke, department commander of the east, who was personally in command of all the forces participating in the escort, arrived at 10 o'clock. He was in fatigue uniform with service sword at his side. Around his left arm was wound a heavy band of crepe. With him were his aides, and a half score of other officers, all in fatigue uniform, with the badge of mourning on their sleeves.

Impressive Scenes.

The time was now approaching for the service. The tramp of the assembling military could be heard, and the walks leading up to the Milburn house began to be lined with those who were to be assembled about the bier. Even amid the stir of assembling, a solemn and awe-like silence prevailed, and the division of the escort came to their posts with silent bands. At 10:30 o'clock the military and naval detachments took temporary station on West Ferry street, immediately around the corner from the Milburn house. First came companies I and L of the Fourteenth United States infantry, stationed at Fort Porter, under command of Capt. John R. M. Taylor, marching with the steady tread and bearing of regulars. Following them came a company of the 73rd cast artillery, now on duty at the Pan-American exposition, in command of Capt. Joseph Weisser. These were the men who had been near the President at the moment he was shot, and who took part in the struggle with his assassin. The national guard of the state of New York was represented by picked companies from the 74th and 65th regiments, under command of Captain Howland. Then the trapping of the military arm of the service gave way to those of the United States navy, as fifty men from the United States gunboat Michigan, under command of Lieut. Minnix, swung into position alongside their military brethren in arms. The naval contingent had arrived only this morning, in order that all branches of the military, naval and marine service might be fittingly represented. At their head marched a detachment of marines, in their dark blue uniforms and with large gilt trimmed helmets. After them came the blue jackets, with open-throated shirts, their loose black neck scarfs in sailor knots, with yellow leggings and steamer hats. Sailors and marines marched with their short carbines at shoulder arms. The entire military and naval force formed in company front on West Ferry street, and there awaited the time for the services to begin.

Dressed as in Life.

He was dressed, as he always was, as in life. The black frock coat was buttoned across the breast, where the first bullet of the assassin had struck. The black string tie, below the standing collar, showed the little triangle of white shirt front. The right hand lay at his side. The left was across his body. He looked as millions of his countrymen have seen him, save for one thing. The little badge of the Loyal Legion, the only decoration which he ever wore, which was always in the left lapel of his coat, was missing. And those who remarked it, spoke of it, and after the body was taken to the city hall, the little badge, which he prized through life, was placed again where it had always been.

The family had taken leave of their loved one before the others arrived. Mrs. McKinley, the poor grief-crushed widow, had been led into the chamber by her physician, Dr. Rixey, and had sat awhile alone with him who had supported and comforted her through all their years of wedded life. But, though her support was gone, she had not broken down. Dry-eyed she gazed upon him and fondled his face. She did not seem to realize that he was dead. Then she was led away by Dr. Rixey and took up her position at the head of the stairs, where she could hear the service. Mrs. Hobart, the widow of the vice-president during Mr. McKinley's first term; Mrs. Lafayette Williams, of Chicago; Miss Barber, Miss Mary Barber and Dr. Rixey remained with her there. The other members of the family, Mr. and Mrs. Abner McKinley, Miss Helen McKinley, Mrs. Duncan, Miss Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. Barber and Dr. and Mrs. Baer had withdrawn into the library, to the north of the drawing room in which the casket lay, and here also gathered other friends when the service was held.

Just before 11 o'clock President Roosevelt entered, coming into the room from the rear, through the library. After passing into the hall he had made his way around through the sitting room beyond through the library. There was an instantaneous movement in the room as the President appeared. The procession was still passing from the south side around the head of the casket and back between it and the members of the cabinet seated at its side.

Every one rose, and all eyes were turned toward the President. He moved forward again with the tide of the procession to his place at the head of the line of cabinet officers. He held himself erect, his left hand carrying his silk hat. Those who were coming toward him fell back on either side to let him pass. He paused once or twice to shake hands silently, but there was no smile to accompany his greetings. He, too, like the man deep down in his seat against the wall, who had forgot to rise when the President of the United States entered, seemed to be restraining a great grief.

The tension in the room was great. Everyone seemed to be waiting. The minister of the gospel stood with the Holy Book in his hand, ready to begin. Perhaps it might have been 60 seconds, perhaps it was longer. The President turned and at the same time advanced a step. He bowed his head and looked down upon the man whose burden and responsibilities he had taken up. Long he gazed, standing immovable, save for a twitching of the muscles of the chin, as he labored, with heavy breath, to repress his emotion. At last he stepped back. Col. Bingham, the aide to the President, standing ten feet below the foot of the casket, at the side of the loyal Cortelyou, glanced in the direction of Rev. Charles Edward Locke, of the Delaware Avenue M. E. church, who was to conduct the service.

The pastor was at the door leading into the hall, a station whence his words could be heard on the head of the stairs. The signal was given, and there welled out from the hall the beautiful words of "Lead, Kindly Light," sung by a quartette.

"Lead, Kindly Light."

It was President McKinley's favorite hymn. Everyone within sound of the music knew it, and half of those in the room put their faces in their hands to hide their tears. Comptroller Dawes leaned against a bookcase and wept. President Roosevelt seemed to be swaying to and fro, as if his footing were insecure.

When the singing ended, the clergyman read from the words of the fifteenth chapter of the First Corinthians. All had risen as he began, and remained standing throughout the remainder of the service. Again the voices rose with the words of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," the very words President McKinley had repeated at intervals of consciousness during the day of agony before he died.

The Prayer.

As the music died away, the pastor spoke again. "Let us pray," he said, and every head fell upon its breast. He began his invocation with a stanza from a hymn sung in the Methodist church.

"Oh, God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home."

It was within a minute of 11:30 o'clock when three long rolls of a muffled drum told those outside the house that the funeral cortege was about to appear. From the darkened rooms the assemblage began to file out to the street.

Borne to the City Hall.

Soon the walks and lawns were again covered with the silent throng, with heads bared. At the moment the casket appeared, "Nearer My God to Thee" ascended in subdued strains from one of the military bands. Tenderly the bearers lowered the casket from their shoulders and placed it in the hearse.

The notes of Chopin's funeral dirge followed the strains of the hymn. The soldiers and sailors swung into long columns and took up the march southward toward the city hall.

President Roosevelt came from the house almost immediately following the casket and arm in arm with Secretary Root moved through the aisle of people. He entered the first carriage with Mr. Root and with Attorney General Knox and Postmaster General Smith, who had followed. The Presidential carriage fell in immediately back of the military escort.

Following in the second carriage were Secretary Long, Secretary Hitchcock, Secretary Wilson and Secretary Cortelyou. Major General Brooke was in the third carriage, and Rev. Dr. Locke and his wife in the fourth. In this order four carriages preceded the hearse. After these four carriages there was a clear space of one hundred feet, and then came the hearse bearing the dead President. At the head of the leading horses a police officer walked with a hand at the bridle.

On each side of the hearse walked a detachment of soldiers and sailors, four picked men from the army and marine corps on the right, and as many more blue jackets, under Lieutenant Eberly, on the left. Immediately back of the hearse marched a score of G. A. R. veterans, who had been assigned to this post of honor.

In the carriage following the Grand Army marchers rode Senator Hanna, Governor Odell, Senators Fairbanks and Kean. Senator Burrows, Director General Buchanan and two exposition officials occupied the next. Then came Col. Bingham and Major Thomas W. Symonds, who had been the active representative of the war department here since the shooting of the President occurred. The White House staff, who were so closely identified with the late President, rode together. Major Diehl, of Buffalo, and city officials and members of the city council were the last of the official mourners in the cortege. After them followed a long line of carriages occupied by those who had been near the President officially and personally, and who followed more as friends than as officials. None of the members of the family entered the carriages.

As the funeral cortege moved south through Delaware avenue toward the city hall, it passed through a vast concourse of people filling the walks and cross streets and crowding house-tops, windows and every available space of the buildings along the line of march.

As the escort of soldiers swung slowly into Franklin street a few drops of rain fell. In two minutes it was raining hard. The long line of troops took their positions at salvation, facing the city hall. The carriages containing the members of the cabinet hurried up to the entrance. The last of the carriages was the one bearing President Roosevelt. Removing his hat, the President stepped from the vehicle and walked into the vestibule. When the hearse appeared the four horses were led slowly to the entrance and stopped. The band, some distance away, began "Nearer, My God, to Thee." At the same instant precisely the rain came down in sheets, and, driven along by a south west gale, off the waters of Lake Erie, tore across city hall square.

The casket was lifted from the hearse to the shoulders of the sailors and marines and was borne into Buffalo's official home. Outside there was not a man so far as could be seen, who did not stand, defying the elements, with hat removed, respecting his dead President. Inside, with steps impressively slow and measured, the bearers made their way to the catafalque. A moment later and the body of President McKinley was lying in state.

In the City Hall.

Entering the main vestibule from Franklin street, the vision was greeted with the graceful sweep of festoons of black and white cashmere. The drapery ascended from the floor to the ceiling and dropped to the mouldings, where it was caught in bows of deep black, thence to follow downward the contour of the building. A mammoth column situated half way between the side walls of the vestibule served to develop the arches. The column itself, reaching to the ceiling became a monument of mourning in its garb of black. Color was lent by large pictures of the martyred President, fastened on either side of the column, while companion pictures of life dimensions adorned the walls. Many yards of drapery converted the rectangular spaces demarcated by the column and the wall into two arches of imposing proportions affording entry to the main corridor where had been constructed the canopy of state under which the dead President was to repose while Buffalo's thousands paid their last respects. Leaving the arches, elevator shafts on either side were literally hidden from view behind a perfect sea of black. Above the central point of the corridor, directly under the floor wall was the canopy. White and black cashmeres of costly price floated down in graceful fines from a point high up in the building. The purity of white alternated with the somble of the black reaching down in French drapes with festooning of beautiful simplicity. Dropping down in impressive grandeur were four of the country's flags so hung as to burst forth into an unmistakable cross.

The Catafalque.

Below on the tiled floor of the corridor rested the catafalque. It was covered with the same costly cashmere, the variety being relieved by six knots of generous proportions of satin material. Its head rose eighteen inches from floor and made a gentle angle, allowing the bier to slope to the foot. Stairways flanked the two sides of the corridor. The balustrades were hidden from view beneath the conventional garb of mourning. Mounting from the stairway post was chandeliers of six lights, burning low. The arms of the chandeliers were wound with black and white, with altar crosses.

A radiator was swallowed up in a mass of funeral color and back of this impromptu altar there spread out a space not unlike a chancel, all draped in white. Behind it floated another flag of generous proportions. The enclosure for the catafalque was surrounded by banks of palms. There were Pandamas, Arecas, Kinteas, Bay trees, Phoenix, Indanta and Rama, worked into the general scheme of decorations. There was but one set floral piece. This was a contribution from the French society of Buffalo. It consisted of two flags, United States and French, on standards with drapings of purple, and black caught in the beak of a pure white dove, framed in the words, "With sympathy and regrets." This design occupied the central place in the southern bank of palms. Later superb set pieces from the Milburn house reached the city hall and were given places in the system of decorations. Of striking beauty was a white wreath bearing in immortelles the name "Chile." Circled about the bier was a distinguished company. To the left stood President Roosevelt. At his left was Attorney General Knox. Then came Secretary Long and Secretary Wilson. Across to the right Secretary Cortelyou stood. With him were Secretary Root, Secretary Hitchcock and Postmaster General Smith. Guarding the body were a sergeant of artillery at the head; a marine at the foot; to one side was a sergeant of infantry; to the other another marine. The casket was immediately opened to its full length. An American flag was thrown across the foot of the casket and resting against it were wreathes of roses.

PASTY FOOD.

Too Commonly Used.

The use of pasty cereals is not advisable. A physician says, "Pasty cereals are very indigestible and a bad thing for the stomach, causing a depressed feeling and quite a train of disorders, particularly on the intestines and nerves.

Cereals, such as wheat and oats, can be cooked long enough and well enough to fit them for human use but the ordinary way of cooking leaves them in a pasty condition."

A gentleman from Evansville, Ind., whose name can be secured upon application to the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., says: "My physician prohibited the use of oats and wheat for I was in a bad condition physically, with pronounced dyspepsia. He said the heavy paste was indigestible but that Grape-Nuts, being a thoroughly cooked food and cooked in such a manner as to change the starch into grape sugar, could be easily digested. I have become very fond indeed of Grape-Nuts and all the uncomfortable feelings have disappeared. I have gained nearly twelve pounds in weight and none of the distressed, full feeling after my meals that I had formerly. Grape-Nuts Food has done the work."

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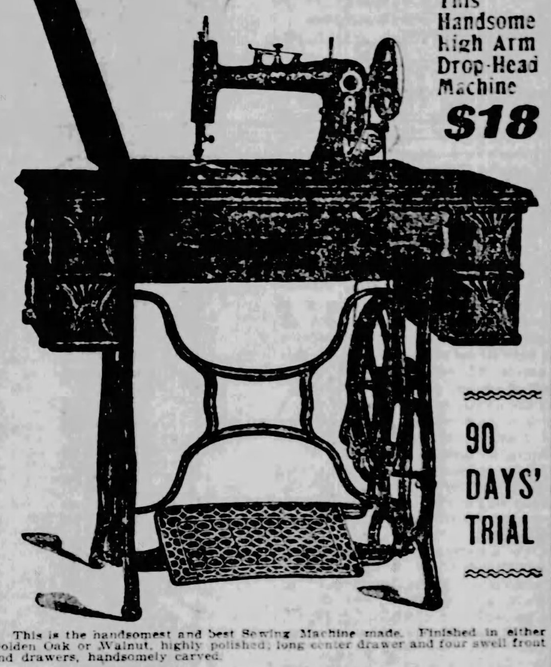

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The HOUSEHOLD And YOUNGFOLKS

EDITED BY EMILY S. BOUTON

SEPTEMBER TRAMPING SONG.

Marching through the woods-road,
Merry is the heart, O!
Travellers by the woods-road,
Teach me all your art!

Early touch of crimson,
You are like her cheeks:
You shall touch my lips, too,
And teach how true love speaks.

Graceful, tender birches
Bending in the sun,
You shall teach me wooing
Till her heart be won.

Rushing brook below me,
Leap and laugh and shine!
You shall lead me onward
Till I make her mine.

Bold harlequins of song,
Tell me all your knowledge;
Must I woo her long?

Veeries in the beech-trees,
Calling to your mates,
Know you the bunch of poplars
Where my lassie waits?

Oh for the bunch of poplars
Silver in the wind, O!
Lassie at the road's end
Let your heart be kind, O!

—Curtis Hidden Page, in The Independent.

A GLORIOUS RIDE AND ITS MEMORY.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

With almost everybody there are certain days that stand ont apart from all others; certain incidents that seem shaped in the memory with the precision and definiteness which the sculptor uses in carving his dream-image out of the block of marble, and with the colorings that the painter imprisons in the picture which is to reproduce nature's beauty and glory. I believe these memories, unfading as they are, have often a determining influence upon the character, for good or for ill, according to the thought which their vivid presence induces, and the impression they leave in their passing.

It is of a pleasant memory that I want to speak to-day, one of many delightful experiences in that sunny southern land afar upon the Pacific shore. The few hours during which it lasted were so full of something beyond ordinary enjoyment, that they seem clothed with some faint gleams of "the light that never was upon land or sea."

We were in the beautiful Ojai Valley, which stretches its fertile lengths just beyond the Coast Range of mountains. These shut it effectually from the sight of the sea that washes the coast some twelve or fifteen miles away, and it is but rarely that the fog creeps over the tops to dim the sunshine, or cloud the crystal clear atmosphere of the quiet valley.

Sometimes the wind blows with energy over this favored region. Whence it comes and whither it goes, I know not, but while it lasts pleasant riding is out of the question. And so after days of waiting, quiet came with a glorious Sunday morning, when the air seemed full of the elixir of life, and a golden glory was upon every tree and flower. Then it was that Sophonisba and I started for a farewell drive to what was known as Sulphur Mountain, where, we were told, a fine view could be obtained of the blue waters of the Pacific. We had an easy carriage, and for a driver, a Mexican, named Lewy, as quaint a specimen of strong manhood and as faithful to the people he was serving and to the horses he was driving, as can be found anywhere in the length and breadth of the land. We had faith in Lewy, born from experience of his skill, and of his humanity.

For an hour we skirted the side of the green-robed mountain and then turned into a narrow roadway that wound upward. The summit was like everything worth attaining in this world, only to be reached by effort and labor, but both were vicarious so far as we were concerned. Up and up the intelligent horses carried us, the road sometimes winding around a rocky projection, whence we could look afar down into the smiling valley below, anon passing through leafy aisles, into which the sunshine drifted in broken, quivering fragments, falling upon the emerald turf and making it alight with beauty. Nowhere is there such a throbbing silence as in the woodland. The many nature sounds, unnoticed elsewhere, in the depths of the forest seem oftimes to blend in a great harmony, that lifts one's thoughts to the great Self of the universe, whose life is Love. And when a bird-song separates itself—as it sometimes did that Sabbath morning—from the whole, it seems but an outburst of ecstacy which thus finds expression.

Just as the sun touched the zenith, Lewy drove out upon a plateau, turned the carriage and with a motion of the head asked us to look upon the view so suddenly unfolded. At our feet lay a succession of emerald hillocks, the Santa Clara Valley, that rolled, one close upon another, until at last they were lost in the billowy waters of the Pacific. Not far away rose historic islands out of the sea, washed forever by its waves whose song was faintly wafted to our ears. Above was the shining sky, while back of us sloped the rugged mountain which we had climbed from the valley. Not a living creature save ourselves was in sight in this wonderful place of worship. Those who have ever come up out of the Ojai as we had, and stood where we stood, looking afar, will readily understand why that picture stands forth so vividly in our memory. But that was not all of our experience that day.

Presently there came a question from Lewy as to whether we would return as we had come, which was the usual way, or go down the mountain upon the other side toward the sea.

"When shall we reach the valley if we take the other way?" we inquired.

"By mid-afternoon," he replied, "and I think you'll never be sorry if you go."

"What kind of a road is it?" I queried, doubtfully.

"Oh, that is all right!" he responded quickly, "and the views beat everything you've seen before."

Quickly we decided to descend that way. Little we suspected that the road had not been built for carriages, but that Lewy, confident of his own skill in driving, and determined that we should have a pleasure no other tourist had yet enjoyed, was resolved upon going if we consented. The only trouble to be apprehended was the possible meeting of the miners' teams, and, it being Sunday, that he knew was not probable.

And so we started downward. For two hours we were moving along a shelf upon the mountain side just wide enough for the carriage and the horses, slowly descending toward the sea. Oh, the glory of that prolonged vision! The green hills overlapping each other; the blue waters of the Pacific stretching outward, gemmed with islands, and over the whole a soft golden, hazy light that touched the picture to exquisite loveliness! The world and its concerns faded away. No sound, save our own rarely spoken word, broke the utter stillness. God seemed very near, and to worship Him in spirit and in truth far easier than in any temple made with hands.

That ride, from first to last, can never be forgotten. Its magic remained with us long after we once more reached the valley. It has not yet departed.

And now a word about the Ojai, which was our starting place, and which has been known hitherto, for the most part, because of the excellent school for boys located there. It is divided into two parts, the Upper and Lower Valley. In the latter is the little village of Nordhoff, where ends the tributary railway sent there by the Southern Pacific.

The air in the Ojai is wonderfully clear and bracing. People in search of health, and who desire rest and quiet, are beginnnig to resort thither. None need go, however, who long for excitement, since that is absolutely wanting. But the mountains, the mountains, granite-ribbed and forest-covered, never lose their fascination, and they are always in sight pointing upward to the sunny sky, which, in that far land, is so beautiful.

THE COZY CORNER

A new contributor—one from whom we hope to hear often—sends this dear little poem as her introduction to the Cosy Corner:

TRANSFORMED.

Madame Golden Rod! I met you
In a shabby gown of green,
In the days of early summer.
Now you reign a very queen.

Did a king in rich apparel,
Like Cophetua of old,
Woo you, win you, wed you, crown you
With this diadem of gold?

You seemed a weed that summer day
Growing by the dusty road.
Tell me, how this transformation—
Did the sun's bright rays that glowed

Down upon you as you stood there
During all those weary hours,
Fill you with their wealth of beauty
Till it overflowed in flowers?

Or did fairies, dancing gaily
In the fragrant, moonlit air,
Rest a moment, swaying lightly,
Had they Midas' touch so rare?

How it comes I know not, truly,
June's frail beggar-maid in green,
Once despised, is crowned and reigning,
Or our Autumn flowers the queen.

ARA M. RADCLIFFE.

A Dreaded Task.

An always welcome guest—"E. J. C." of Kansas—gives to-day directions for doing a piece of work that is nearly always dreaded by housekeepers, viz: laundering lace curtains:

It is not usually convenient for farmers' wives to send lace curtains to the laundry, and, as they are easily soiled after a few months' use, it is wise for each one to know how to do this work at home. The following method is an easy one ane more satisfactory than to trust the curtains to the tender mercies of the average washerwoman.

First, take the curtains down and remove all rings and pins that may have been used in hanging them. Shake them well, to get rid of all loose dust, and, if there are any broken places they should be carefully darned with fine thread, or embroidery cotton can be used to mend the heavier parts of the curtains. This must be done before the curtains are wet, as the small hole speedily becomes a large one in the washing.

Prepare half a tubful of hot water, adding a little borax and sufficient soap to make a strong suds. Let the curtains soak in this for half an hour, then rub them gently with the hands, working them up and down until the water looks dark. Pass them through the wringer, being careful that they do not catch on a nail or screw. Two suds, prepared in this way, are usually required to make them clean. The borax saves the lace by lessening the amount of rubbing necessary and should always be used in washing articles that require careful handling.

Rinse the curtains in clear water, then dip in a thin, boiled starch, that is slightly tinged with blueing, if a clear white is desired. Saffron tea, added to the starch, will give a delicate cream color, and cold coffee will make them ecru.

Curtain frames, while not absolutely necessary, are a great convenience for drying curtains. To use them, measure the curtains before washing, and clamp the frame the exact length and width you wish them to be. Then, when washed, catch the edges on the little hooks on the frames and place them where they will have the sun or wind. When dry, remove carefully from the stretcher and no ironing will be needed, the curtains having the appearance of new.

If you have no dryers, pin a sheet to the floor of a room not in use, and fasten the curtain on this, being careful to pin each point and scallop perfectly straight. Two pairs of curtains may be pined at the same time on one sheet, or on the drying frames.

Miscellaneous.

"John R. Dyer" asks for full directions for making starch and ironing shirt bosoms, so they will have the glossy appearance of new shirts.

"An Ohio Girl" sends this formula, in answer to the request of "Diamond Eyes" for hair cream:

One gill bay rum, one gill alcohol, two ounces glycerine, one-fourth ounce flour sulphur, one-four ounce sugar of lead, one drachm of borax, one ounce aqua ammonia, one tablespoonful salt and one quart of rain water. Let all stand for 24 hours, and wet the hair once a day until the desired color is obtained, after that once a week will be often enough. The bottle containing this should be well shaken before using the mixture.

Three Good Things.

Of all the delicious deserts that can be prepared from fruit there are none better than:

Baked Peaches.

Pare, cut in halves and remove the pits from the peaches and lay them closely together in a moderately deep baking dish. Cover plentifully with sugar and give them a sprinkling of cinnamon. Let them bake slowly in a moderate oven for ten or fifteen minutes, or long enough for the sugar to melt and the fruit to become thoroughly heated through. Serve warm, with whipped cream.—H. E. W.

Potatoes au Gratin.

Mash the potatoes and season with salt; beat in a lump of butter the size of a small egg and two tablespoonfuls of cream or sweet milk. Turn them into a deep baking dish and cover with grated, or thinly sliced cheese, pouring over the top a little more milk. Set in the oven until the cheese is melted and well browned, and serve in the dish in which it was baked.—B. E. W.

Potatoes and Beets.

Boil, until tender, half a dozen beets and three potatoes. When done, chop together, very fine, season with salt and pepper, a little butter and one-half cupful of milk. Place on the back of the range, where it will keep hot, and, just before serving, add one-quarter of a cupful of vinegar. This makes an excellent salad when cold, combining the good qualities of both vegetables.—ANNIE B. W.

Irving Bacheller's New Story.

LOUISE.

—From D'ri and I.

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D'RI AND I.

If any one takes up Irving Bacheller's last novel expecting to find another like Eben Holden, he will be distinctly disappointed. There is but one Eben and he won the heart of the reading public which he still holds. D'ri is fashioned somewhat upon the same lines, is brave as the bravest, and loyal to the death, but he lacks Eben's loveableness.

The story is told in the first person as the name indicates. It purports to be the memories of one Colonel Ramon Bell, a young man of rare qualities of character who won fame in those early days of border fighting, when the hardy pioneers were pushing on farther and farther toward the West, cutting roadways through the forest and dotting them with rude homesteads. "In a long valley south of the St. Lawrence," writes the author, "sequestered by river, lake and wilderness, they were slow to lose the simplicity, the dialect, and the poverty of their fathers."

In contrast to these pioneers were the Frenchmen of wealth and title who fled from their country during the Reign of Terror, bought a tract of wild country and began to fill it with fine homes. . . A few men of leisure built manor houses on the river front, and so the Northern Yankee came to see something of the splendor of the far world, with contempt, as we may well imagine, for its waste of time and money."

Into the valley of the St. Lawrence in 1803 came the family of which Ramon, then a boy of ten, was a member, and also D'ri, who was the "hired man." The story of the long, hard journey over rough trails and narrow roadways, is vividly told. In the wilderness the grandmother was taken suddenly ill and died. They were far from any town or minister, and so in sorrow D'ri and the farmer made the coffin of planed lumber, and lined it with deerskin, and dug a grave on the top of a high hill. When all was ready, the farmer urged D'ri to say a prayer because "twouldn't sound right nohow fer me t' pray, I got kinda rough when I was in the army," and then D'ri prayed after this quaint fashion:

"O God, tek care o' gran'ma. Help us t' go on careful, an' when we're riled, help us t' keep er mouths shet. O God, help the ol' cart, an' the ox in pertic lar, An' don't be no way hard on us. Amen."

A most dramatic description is given of the great windfall of June, 1810, the path of which may be seen to-day. D'ri and the boy, Ramon, had started to take a raft of timber to the city of Montreal, and the storm struck them just after they had passed the Rapids. Here is a part of the story:

"Look there," I shouted, pointing aloft. "Hark," said D'ri, sharply, raising his hand of three fingers.

We could hear a far sound like that of a great wagon rumbling on a stony road.

"The Almighty's whippin' his hosses," said D'ri. "Looks es ef he wus plungin' 'em through the woods 'way yender. Look a' thet air sky."

The cloud masses were looming rapidly. They had a glow like that of copper.

"Tryin' t' put a ruf on the world," my companion shouted. "Swingin' ther hammers hard on the rivets."

A little peak of green vapor showed above the sky-line. It loomed high as we looked. It grew into a lofty column, reeling far above the forest. Below it we could see a mighty heaving in the treetops. Something like an immense bird was hurtling and pirouetting in the air above them. The tower of green looked now like a great flaring bucket hooped with fire and overflowing with darkness. Our ears were full of a mighty voice out of the heavens. A wind came roaring down some tideway of the air like water in a flume. It seemed to tap the sky. Before I could gather my thoughts we were in a torrent of rushing air, and the raft had begun to heave and toss. I felt D'ri take my hand in his. I could just see his face for the morning had turned dark suddenly. His lips were moving, but I could hear nothing said. Then he lay flat, pulling me down. Above and around were all the noises that ever came to the ear of man—the beating of drums, the bellowing of cattle, the crash of falling trees, the shrieks of women, the rattle of machinery, the roar of waters, the crack of rifles, the blowing of trumpets, the braying of asses, and sounds the like of which I have never heard and pray God I may not hear again, one and then another dominating the mighty chorus.

When the war broke out Ramon and D'ri went into the army. They had various adventures, one of which brought them to the Chateau Le Ray, where Ramon met the two sisters, beautiful French girls, Louise and Louison de Lambert, and then the love passages began. It is in the development of this part of the story that the author has somewhat failed. He shows his hero to be weak and wavering, thinking himself first in love with one sister and then with the other, going to the verge of a proposal with Louison, whom he has given reason to believe as his choice, and finally leaving her at the last moment to console herself with another lover.

The story is not so consistent throughout as Eben Holden, albeit the author claims that it is, much of it, history, even to the love episode. The hero takes part in Perry's Victory, of which he makes a vivid description, and has many thrilling adventures, corresponding to the war scenes that are familiar parts of the narrative of those days.

Dri and I will find many readers, especially among those to whom stories of struggle, of valor, of danger, and of courage strongly appeal.

D. Lothrop and Company, Boston, are the publishers.

A BROWN THRUSH.

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up
in the tree.
He's singing to me! He's singing to me!
And what does he say, little girl, little
boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Hush! Look! In my tree
I'm happy as happy can be!"

And then the brown thrush keeps singing:
"A nest do you see,
And five eggs hid by me in the juniper
tree?
Don't meddle, don't touch, little girl,
little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy.
Now I'm glad. Now I'm free!
And always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away
in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day,
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
But long it won't be,
Don't you know? Don't you see?
Unless we are as good as we can be!"

—Lucy Larcom.

THE PETUNIA LADIES.

Two little girls sat on the stone step at the side door, digging their heels into the sandy earth between the plantains and sighing for something to do. They twisted their bare toes around the cherry-stones that lay under the big tree, and tried to see who could safely land the greatest number on the walk. But that was not a lasting amusement, for the stones had such a perverse way of slipping out just as they were about to be deposited in the proper place, and then it was so much easier to reach down with their fingers and put them where they belonged; but of course there was no fun in that.

Mother was taking her afternoon nap, and Mary was washing dishes, so there was no one to suggest anything for them to do. They had picked peas in the morning, and they had played dolls until they were tired. What was there to keep two little girls who could not play in the sun from growing a little cross?

Even their good friend Laddie had forsaken them, and was lying panting with heat at the root of the old cherry-tree. Not any kind of whistle or low call would make him prick up his ears, and they knew they must not make much noise while mother slept.

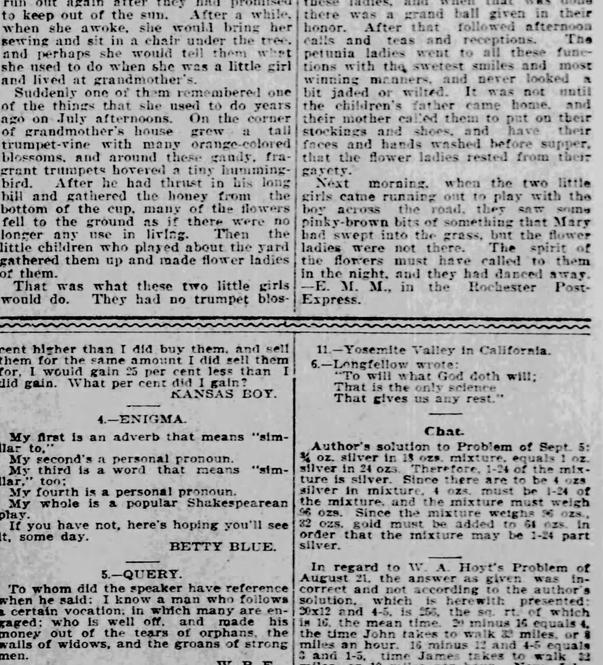
They wished that the heat of summer-time did not make people and dogs and cats and birds so sleepy afternoons. They did not feel a bit sleepy. Mother had tried to get them to lie down in the cool north chamber, but they could not even close their eyes; so she let them run out again after they had promised to keep out of the sun. After a while, when she awoke, she would bring her sewing and sit in a chair under the tree, and perhaps she would tell them what she used to do when she was a little girl and lived at grandmother's.

Suddenly one of them remembered one of the things that she used to do years ago on July afternoons. On the corner of grandmother's house grew a tall trumpet-vine with many orange-colored blossoms, and around these gaudy, fragrant trumpets hovered a tiny hummingbird. After he had thrust in his long bill and gathered the honey from the bottom of the cup, many of the flowers fell to the ground as if there were no longer any use in living. Then the little children who played about the yard gathered them up and made flower ladies of them.

That was what these two little girls would do. They had no trumpet blossoms, but on the other side of the driveway was a bed of petunias growing in all the beautiful colors that petunias ever wear—white ones and pink ones, striped ones and plain. You had only to turn them upside down, and you had a lady who in fullness of petticoat and slenderness of waist looked as if she had just stepped out of a Goodey's Fashion Magazine of 50 years ago.

So these two little maidens, called Margaret and Ruth, gathered their aprons full of petunias and came back to the doorstep to create the daintiest, most summerlike creatures they had ever seen.

One would not expect such ladies as these to wear very plain clothes, for they evidently were belles in that city of Flower Land, from whence they came, and their dresses were flounced and frilled from hem to waist with circle upon circle of petunia ruffles. Ruth was sure that one of her ladies was lovelier than Cinderella on the night of the prince's ball.



THEY WERE SIGHING FOR SOMETHING TO DO.

Pink larkspurs make most bewitching bonnets when tilted at the right angle over the pretty face. Unfortunately, the flower ladies lacked pretty faces. To tell the truth, they had no faces at all, and in order that they might be bonneted it was necessary to supply this want.

Nothing was found better suited to the stature of a petunia lady than a green pea, so green pea heads the ladies had with broom-corns stuck through to serve as both necks and hat-pins.

It took a long time to dress and name these ladies, and when that was done there was a grand ball given in their honor. After that followed afternoon calls and teas and receptions. The petunia ladies went to all these functions with the sweetest smiles and most winning manners, and never looked a bit jaded or wilted. It was not until the children's father came home, and their mother called them to put on their stockings and shoes, and have their faces and hands washed before supper, that the flower ladies rested from their gayety.

Next morning, when the two little girls came running out to play with the boy across the road, they saw some pinky-brown bits of something that Mary had swept into the grass, but the flower ladies were not there. The spirit of the flowers must have called to them in the night, and they had danced away. —E. M. M., in the Rochester Post-Express.

...WHAT THEY ARE WEARING...

Now that the vacation is over and the children must return to school, it is of interest to mothers to know how she shall dress these boys and girls so that they will be comfortable and "like other children," for—foolish as it may seem—there is nothing that will make a small girl so unhappy as to be obliged to wear a frock which is made unlike those worn by her schoolmates, unless, it may be, that her white apron shows by its length, it is a left-over from her last year's wardrobe; this, indeed, is something too hard for her to bear with any kind of patience.

Have we not all experienced this feeling some time in our lives? I think we can recall such sorrows, and the remembrance should incline us to take a little more pains, and time, if necessary, in making the school dresses pretty, for the sake of the pleasure that it will give the wearer.

Generally, however, the result lies in over-dressing little ones. Babies in the kindergartens and primary schools are tricked out in silk, muslin, laces and ruffles, until they resemble more the lay-figures in shop windows than happy, careless little children. As they advance in the higher grades of school, these extravagant ideas still obtain and the school dress of a girl of 14 or 15 years, is often as elaborate and expensive as was the best party dress of her mother. It is true that times have changed and different ideas prevail in many things, but where too much attention is paid to the dress of the schoolgirl, less is often given to the legitimate work of the school-room, and it frequently happens that pupils are graduated from our public and private schools with very little knowledge save of fashion and social duties, branches of education that were omitted from the school curriculum a few years ago. In this, as in all other matters, there will some time be a reaction, and until then we must accept the fashions and the girls as they are—and must confess, after all, that they are very pretty to look at.

According to the dictates of fashion, girls under ten, should wear wash goods made with guimpes of tucked muslin or lace. There is a revival of the fashion so prevalent a number of years ago, to make the waist of children's dresses abnormally long, with the skirt merely a ruffle about two fingers wide. On some this style is very becoming, but on a short child it gives the appearance of having had her legs cut off.

Skirts worn with the blouse waists are gored and trimmed with ruffles. When challies or soft flannels are used for these, the ruffles are sometimes finished with a good effect, with a buttonhole stitch embroidery.

Though it is a delight to the heart of the 10-years-old girl to have her frock made with a "flare and a flounce," like a grown-up woman's dress, this style usually gives her the appearance of an older person cut down, and the flounce should be discarded for ruffles, or a flat trimming of braid.

A pretty and serviceable school dress for a girl of this age is of blue serge with a pleated sailor blouse worn over a shield and collar of white pique; the skirt rather full and trimmed with narrow black braid, or velvet ribbon.

Her small brother can choose between the ever becoming and suitable sailor clothes, and the Russian suit, consisting of a long blouse and wide, short trousers. Either of these can be easily made at home, or can be bought for a very low price, ready made. The "golf" suits for boys of ten or twelve years are made with full knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket of mixed tweeds either grey or brown. With these are worn the shirt-waist which is only a shirt pleated back and front, with a band stitched on at the waist to which the knickerbockers are buttoned.

FOR THE BOY AND GIRL.

—From Harper's Bazar.

From Harper's Bazaar are taken some hints which may be helpful to the home dressmaker. "Long-waisted effects in dresses, which are becoming to most people, are still in fashion, and, to obtain this, one should in fitting a lining, pin it firmly to the corset well down below the waist line so that it will not slip while the shoulders are being fitted.

A waist that cuts at the back of the neck is one of the most uncomfortable things in existence. The trouble is usually caused by a lack of width between the shoulders and can only be remedied by inserting a piece at the shoulder seams, thus allowing a fullness from them. Generally this insertion will not show, as it will be taken up in the seams. To try to relieve the strain by cutting the neck lower in the back will only make matters worse.

If a sleeve is uncomfortable, it generally means that the lining is too tight across the top, or that the sleeve is sewed in with the seams too far forward or back. In fitting a dress or coat sleeve, the band should be placed at the back of the head and the sleeve is comfortable when and will give no trouble.

The arguments for and against the straight front corset still continue; meanwhile it retains its popularity with ladies whether stout, or thin, each claiming that her figure is improved by its use. One thing may certainly be said in its favor—that on any figure it forces an erect position, as lounging is quite impossible when this style of corset is worn. The style will probably continue until every woman has accepted it and had her gowns made to suit and then capricious Fashion will decree a return to the old style.

Well! what would you? The dressmakers must live, and many devote their time almost exclusively to making over out-of-fashion dresses to suit the times.

The Merry Go-Rounds

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.

"Sweet Belle Mahone," from the land of steady habits—Connecticut—is weary of vacation pleasures and longs for something solid:

"I know it is not considered polite for a beggar to be chooser, and I am begging for admission to your society, but I wish to criticize your ways just a little.

I cannot help thinking that the object of this department for the young people who read The Blade, is not being fulfilled by such entire devotion to pleasure as has been given this summer. For several weeks we have had little except descriptions of imaginary picnics, which though entertaining in a certain degree, became exceedingly tiresome after a while.

Of course we are expected to spend our vacation in some amusement, but isn't it time now for us to return to the more serious duties of life and decide upon some plan for our winter's work that will be instructive as well as entertaining?

The "chatty" letters are pleasant, but many of us find life too short to devote much time to merely pleasant things, which will give us no new thoughts or ideas. I am sure we have sufficient talent in our circle to furnish a very high standard of entertainment if it could be utilized.

"Em T. Head," "Isabel No. 1," "New England Girl," and among the boys, "John, Jr.," "Architect," "Hoosere Puer Poeta," and many others I have in mind, have given conclusive evidence that they are sufficiently gifted to make this the most interesting and helpful department in widely separated parts of our country, and engaged in a variety of occupations, they could give us much information regarding the natural curiosities and places of interest in their respective localities, or tell us of the experiences and methods that have interested them in their work.

Our M. G. R. is like a school for us; we have now passed from the lower grades, when amusement was our principal object and should try for something better. The "Schoolma'am's" letter last week was very interesting, I think, and would serve as a suggestion of what we might all do.

Some years ago, one "John E. Short," was rash enough to make a complaint similar to this of mine, and I fear he must have died from the storm of indignation that was raised by his letter, but even though I share his fate, I shall still hold that we, as M. G. R.'s, ought to try for something better than we have yet done.

By a very strange coincidence, one of our members who has been absent for a very long time returns to-day with the same grievance as this new member from Connecticut. "Gurles Deliet" has his "war paint" on for the first time since he became a member of the M. G. R.

"Gurles Deliet," Oklahoma:—Dear Miss Prudence and fellow M. G. R.'s. It is with the greatest pleasure that, after my long, long absence, I again knock at the door of the M. G. R. for admission. But, Oh, dear! I find myself in a housefull of strangers with not a single one of the old members to greet me and find that I shall have to introduce myself.

I am the Indian member, who made his appearance about three years ago and have just returned from the Philippines, which will explain my long absence, and my unfamiliarity with your faces.

I ask that you will please excuse my candid criticism, but I find that our circle has changed very much, and, in my judgment, not for the better. Instead of our old time discussions that were so entertaining and helpful, we have a series of imaginary picnics that cannot be of interest except to the writers, and instead of the familiar faces of the old members who helped to build this Merry-Go-Round, and by means of their frequent letters made themselves acquainted with every one of the company, a few strangers appear on the stage, make their bow, and disappear to be heard from no more.

Oh, that more of the "pioneers" would return and by their spicy letters create a new interest in, and infuse new life into our dearly loved circle!

Now that I have probably succeeded in making myself obnoxious to you all, I think I will retire before Miss Prudence requests me to do so, but I hope what I have said may, at least, be the means of stirring up some of our friends so that they will explain their absence, if nothing more.

A namesake of the Athenian statesman is present to-day:

"Pericles," West Virginia:—I have been for a long time an interested reader of the M. G. R., and now ask for admission to its membership, promising to obey the rules as well as I can, and if I fail—why, then, there is always left for such failures—the waste basket.

I am a great lover of books and never find myself at a loss for something pleasant to do if I can secure one. I especially admire good poetry. In the section of the country in which I live, we have very little level land, the ground being mostly broken and hilly, but what is fit for cultivation is very productive. The scenery is beautiful, the hills being covered with many kinds of trees and carpeted with a profusion of wild flowers of brilliant hues. If accepted, I will soon come again.

The Wonder Column.

Banneree Puzzler FOR SEPT.
Illinois.

1.—WHO WAS HE?

He was born in Edinburg in 1771; was admitted to the bar in 1792. Four years later he first appeared before the public as a translator, and from that time his fame steadily increased. In 1812 he removed to Abbotsford, where he built a fine mansion. In the financial crisis of 1825 he became bankrupt. By hard literary work he paid off all his debts, but ruined his health, and was induced to make a voyage to the continent in 1830, after he had been smitten with paralysis, in hopes that the climate of Italy might be beneficial. The government placed a frigate at his disposal for the journey, but in Italy he pined for home, and returning, died at Abbotsford, September 26, 1832. He was buried, three days later, in the Abbey of Dryburgh.

METTA.

2.—ZIGZAG.

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1.—Coarse dust or soil.
2.—A land measure.
3.—A reflected sound.
4.—A medley.
5.—One of the larger planets
6.—To slide.
7.—Moist, humid.
8.—A den.
9.—Masculine children.
10.—A church service.

Zigzag names the season which is now upon us.

TERENCE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

3.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

If I should buy goods at a price 20 per cent higher than I did buy them, and sell them for the same amount I did sell them for, I would gain 25 per cent less than I did gain. What per cent did I gain?

KANSAS BOY.

4.—ENIGMA.

My first is an adverb that means "similar to."
My second's a personal pronoun.
My third is a word that means "similar," too;
My fourth is a personal pronoun.
My whole is a popular Shakespearean play.

If you have not, here's hoping you'll see it, some day.

BETTY BLUE.

5.—QUERY.

To whom did the speaker have reference when he said: I know a man who follows a certain vocation, in which many are engaged; who is well off, and made his money out of the tears of orphans, the wails of widows, and the groans of strong men.

W. P. E.

6.—QUOTATION.

Who wrote: "Life is not sufficiently long to enable a man to get rich and to do his duty to his fellow-men at the same time."

ILLI NOIS.

Answers to Puzzles of Sept. 5.

1.—Salmon P. Chase.
2.—Words forming square: Opera, parer, erode, redan, arena.
3.—22 ounces of gold must be added. (See Chat.)
4.—"Work for the good that is highest,
Dream not of greatness afar:
That glory is ever the highest.
Which shines upon men as they are."
5.—The eleven great wonders of America are:
1.—Croton Aqueduct in New York city.
2.—City Park in Philadelphia.
3.—Lake Superior.
4.—Mammoth Cave in Kentucky.
5.—Niagara Falls.
6.—Natural Bridge in Virginia.
7.—State Capitol at Albany, N. Y.
8.—New York and Brooklyn bridge.
9.—Central Park in New York city.
10.—Washington Monument.
11.—Yosemite Valley in California.
6.—Longfellow wrote:
"To will what God doth will;
That is the only science
That gives us any rest."

Chat.

Author's solution to Problem of Sept. 5: ¾ oz. silver in 18 ozs. mixture, equals 1 oz. silver in 24 ozs. Therefore, 1-24 of the mixture is silver. Since there are to be 4 ozs silver in mixture, 4 ozs. must be 1-24 of the mixture, and the mixture must weigh 96 ozs. Since the mixture weighs 96 ozs., 32 ozs. gold must be added to 64 ozs. in order that the mixture may be 1-24 part silver.

In regard to W. A. Hoyt's Problem of August 21, the answer as given was incorrect and not according to the author's solution, which is herewith presented: 20x12 and 4-5, is 256, the sq. rt. of which is 16, the mean time. 20 minus 16 equals 4, the time John takes to walk 32 miles, or 8 miles an hour. 16 minus 12 and 4-5 equals 3 and 1-5, time James takes to walk 24 miles, or 10 miles per hour. Now, John can walk James' distance in 12 and 4-5 hours at 10 miles per hour, or 128 miles; and James can walk John's distance in 20 hours, at 8 miles per hour, or 160 miles.

All puzzlers having sent the answer as given above, have been credited.

The 'Cademy was well filled this morning, there being present representatives from Pa., Kans., N. C., Ind., Iowa and Washington.

Correct solutions were received from W. A. Hoyt, H. H. Leonard, W. P. E. and W. L. H.

C. Everett, try multiplying the fractions instead of adding them. That is the author's method of solving the problem.

Marley Cranford, see explanation of the "vexed question" above.

W. P. E. claims that the Norway rat is the largest specimen of "true rat."

H. H. Leonard—Correct; go to the head.

W. L. H., glad to hear from you again.

M. G. Weybright—Solutions must be sent with all puzzles. Try again.

TO WASHINGTON.

At Every Station Sad-Faced Throngs Paid Respects.

Milburn House, Buffalo, Sept. 16.—The silent form of William McKinley was borne from the city in impressive state this morning and taken on its last journey to the national capital.

Just eleven days ago he came to the Pan American exposition in full health and vigor. He was received with an enthusiasm that was unprecedented in the annals of the city and for 24 hours enjoyed himself thoroughly. The story of the foulest assassination, the pathetic stride to recovery, as outwardly demonstrated, while death was slowly working on the vitals, the breathless hopes of a nation and loved ones, the terrible twenty-four hours of suspense when death made its final demand against human skill, all are matters of history now.

Solemn and Impressive.

The brilliant statesman, who, but twenty-four hours before had outlined his future policy to an assemblage at the Pan-American, the learned guest of a city, had ended his career as far as his dominant personality was concerned, although his policies remained. Thousands upon thousands watched the impressive procession this morning. It was doubly impressive because of its lack of gorgeousness and because of the fact that, following closely behind the pall covered corpse of the dead President, followed the successor to the title and the living change in the country's history.

At the Milburn mansion, where Mrs. McKinley was, the servants were astir early and there was more activity about the house than has been since the shooting. By half past six o'clock carriages were drawn up at the corners near the house and those within were up and preparing for the journey to Washington.

Mrs. McKinley was not awakened until after 7 o'clock, when Dr. Rixey went to the room with one of her attendants. She had not slept well, despite the fact that she is almost thoroughly exhausted and that Dr. Rixey had given her a sleeping potion. The first thing she asked was a repetition of the query of the last two days, "When can I see the major?" Dr. Rixey told her that they were going to let her see him to-day and she then let her attendants dress her and at 7:45 was ready for her light breakfast, which she took in her room alone. At 7:30 the baggage was ready and two truck loads of it moved to the depot. In one wagon was a hospital bed, and it was thought that this was for the use of Mrs. McKinley, in view of the certainty of the fatigue of the journey and the possibility of a collapse.

Direct to the Train.

Col. Bingham, who was in charge of the arrangements, said at 7:45 that none of the party would go to the city hall, where the body lay, but that all would go directly to the train. This would be done on Mrs. McKinley's account. At 7:32 the Misses Duncan, nieces of the late President, were driven to the train so that they might arrange all comforts possible for the stricken widow.

A few minutes later, Senator Fairbanks, Comptroller of the Currency Dawes and Elmer Dover, secretary to Senator Hanna, emerged from the house and entered a carriage. Following, a White House messenger rushed down the walk and ordered the windows in one of the carriages closed.

At 7:35, several figures stepped silently out upon the porch and walked down toward the carriages. Mrs. William McKinley, robed in garb of mourning, and supported by Abner McKinley on one side and Dr. Rixey on the other, was the central figure. To the surprise of all, she walked with her head quite erect, her face hidden behind her long black veil. She got into the carriage with her favorite niece, Miss Barber, Abner McKinley and Dr. Rixey, and they were driven at once to the depot. So far as could be seen, she sat erect and unsupported in the carriage.

The family of Abner McKinley, other relatives of the dead President and Secretary Cortelyou followed in other carriages, and the Milburn house, famous now because of its connection with a great national tragedy, went back into the possession of its owner, who had so kindly given it up to the use of the President and his family.

President Roosevelt.

President Rosevelt did not arise until 7 o'clock. He dressed quickly, and at 7:30 was ready for breakfast. He breakfasted with the family of his host, Ansley Wilcox. Just after 8 o'clock had struck, together with Mr. Wilcox and his secretary, William Loeb, jr., he got into a carriage and drove to the train. A few mounted police followed the carriage, and three or four detectives and secret service men were near by. Otherwise, there was nothing to distinguish the President from any other citizen.

The slow and stately progress of the President's body from the city hall to the railroad station afforded the people of Buffalo a last opportunity to do honor to the memory of the lamented executive.

Tenderly the precious burden was borne slowly down the stone steps, along the curved approach, to the hearse. The flag-draped casket was lifted gently into the hearse and the doors closed. Through the windows of the hearse naught but an American flag, surmounted by a single sheaf of wheat, could be seen. To the front came the troops, wheeling into line, and moving down Franklin street. Once more the strains of music. This time it was the mournful dirge of Chopin's funeral march, accompanied by the tolling of the church bells. Behind the troops came the carriages of the members of the cabinet. Then came the hearse and following were comrades of the Grand Army, with a company of local militia bringing up the rear. The cortege passed into Church street and, winding past St. Paul's church into Main street, the dead President was carried through Buffalo's streets. Down Main street the procession moved between masses of people, all uncovered. The high winds from off Lake Erie snapped and whipped the bunting and crepe with which every building was draped. Above the buildings American flags and black streamers hung at half-mast. The line had begun its march at 7:50.

Mrs. McKinley Is Deeply Affected.

The journey down in the carriage, from the windows of which she could see the emblems of mourning, affected Mrs. McKinley seriously, and when she stepped from the carriage, assisted by Dr. Rixey and Abner McKinley, her limbs failed her and she would have fallen but for the support accorded her. She entered the station and was assisted into the car in which she and the dead President had made the trip into the city of his leath. On the car her relatives took charge of her and Dr. Rixey gave her a tonic. Dr. Rixey thinks that she will be able to go through with the state ceremonial at Washington, but the change of arrangements, so that the body shall leave Washington Tuesday night, was made so as to avoid too great a strain. "She will be better in Canton than any place else," said Dr. Rixey.

The Funeral Train.

Buffalo, Sept. 16.—The train that bore the President from Buffalo was a solid Pullman of seven cars, drawn by two locomotives. Fifteen minutes before the train was scheduled to leave an engine sped out through the yards with orders to precede the train by 15 minutes and keep the track clear. The train was under the general charge of George W. Boyd, assistant general passenger agent of the Pennsylvania. Assistant Trainmaster D. M. Kinney was in direct charge. Conductor Johnson, who came here in charge of President McKinley's special train from Canton, was the Pullman conductor to-day. Engineer George Woodward was in charge of one engine and Frank Bishop of the other.

The train crew was made up of picked men in the Pennsylvania and Pullman companies.

Behind the engines were the drawing room cars Raleigh and Belgrade, both of which were devoted to members of the press. Next came the dining car Wardorf, the car Naples, intended for senators, and the Hungary, for President Roosevelt and the cabinet. Next to the rear car was the Olympia, occupied by Mrs. McKinley, and last of all was the observation car Pacific, in which the body rested.

The casket was placed between the windows on the observation car where it could be seen by the people as the train went by. Crepe was draped from the two locomotives and from the rear of the observation car and the railings of the car were shrouded in crepe. The only relief was in two tiny pilot flags of white on the leading locomotives. The station was absolutely clear.

Shortly after 8:30 it was announced that everything was in readiness, and at 8:34 the train pulled slowly out just four minutes later than was scheduled.

Remarkable Demonstrations.

Williamsport, Pa., Sept. 16.—(On board the funeral train.)—At Renovo ropes had been stretched to keep back the crowds which surged through the neighboring streets. A big flag, with President McKinley's picture framed in crepe, was strung from corner to corner of the station, and in front of it were hundreds of school children, their hats in their hands and their little faces grave. This was the terminus of one of the railroad divisions and the train hands were all lined up with bared heads. Some of those who traveled with President McKinley to California last spring recalled how often, when train crews were changed on that trip, President McKinley had sent for the trainmen to personally express his thanks. After leaving Renovo the train passed over a more thickly populated country and the crowds grew denser. Half-masted flags were on every school house and the bells of the churches tolled dolefully as the funeral train sped by.

President Roosevelt lunched in the dining car of the train with Secretary Root at 1:30 o'clock. The members of the cabinet and other distinguished personages aboard the train had preceded him into the diner. Mrs. McKinley and her immediate party remained in the car Olympia, which is provided with its own special dining car service.

At Williamsport, which was reached at 2:30, there was a remarkable demonstration, the feature of which was the presentation of an immense floral offering by 5,000 school children of the city. It was received by Col. T. C. Bingham, the President's aide. He stood on the platform of the observation car in which the catafalqua lay and the scene was profoundly impressive.

At Lock Haven the young ladies of the city lined up along the track and strewed the path of the dead President with flowers. Some had baskets brimming full of color, and others held the fragrant blossoms in their arms. They poured the wealth of their floral offering beneath the cruel wheels. Each small town had conceived some distinc way of its own to show its respect for the dead. etetetetetecccee nirmar fdfad N..N.. d Others sought to obtain souvenirs of the sad occasion in unique ways. At one point beyond Lock Haven hundreds of boys placed silver coins on the track and when the train rushed by hurried to secure the flattened bits of silver for preservation as mementos in their families for all time.

Washington, Sept. 17.—The remains of President McKinley were placed last evening in the east room of the White House where for more than four years he had made his home as the chief magistrate of the great American republic. Upstairs his widow mourned for her dead in the family apartments that bring back but the saddest of memories. It was with simple ceremony and a silence that fitted perfectly the sadness of the occasion that the body of the late President was borne up Pennsylvania avenue to the White House and laid upon the bier in the great east room where he had stood so often in the pride of his manhood to receive the greetings of the common people he loved better than himself.

The afternoon was cloudy and with the close of the day began the dull depressing boom of a great gun at intervals of five minutes. It was the signal which gave notice of the approach of the funeral train. At the Pennsylvania railroad station men in bright uniforms gathered, a mixture of soldiers and sailors, and with lowered voices talked in groups while waiting to take up their parts in the ceremony. From the brigadier general and naval captain down to the humblest lieutenant and ensign every officer on duty in the capital was there save a few of high rank who composed the guard of honor and waited at the White House.

Viewed by Thousands.

Banked on both sides of the avenue, from Sixth street to the executive mansion, were tens of thousands of people. They were come to pay their tribute of respect and love to the memory of their President. With bared heads and with no murmur or sound, the people watched with tear-stained eyes the last home coming of President McKinley.

There was no music. Amid the hush of the great crowds, only the clatter of the horses' hoofs, ringing sharply upon the pavement was heard.

Mrs. McKinley's Arrival.

The carriages containing Mrs. McKinley, Dr. Rixey and Mr. Abner McKinley had preceded the funeral cortege to the White House by some little time. Dr. Rixey was the first to alight and then Mr. Abner McKinley. They tenderly assisted Mrs. McKinley to the steps. With her right arm resting heavily and wearily upon the shoulder of her dead husband's brother, and supported on the other side by Dr. Rixey, she walked slowly along the stone flagging into the house.

She was closely veiled, but her feeble steps told the story of her grief. She was assisted at once to the elevator and to her old room and soon retired. Dr. Rixey and Mr. Cortelyou later said that she had stood the journey very well indeed, and they had confidently expected that she would complete the sad journey to her old home without difficulty. Among those who knew her best, and were with her at Buffalo, it is doubted whether she yet fully realizes the calamity that has befallen her, and it is with some apprehension that they look forward to the first days alone in Canton.

"The Major," as she always lovingly called her husband, is still with her, but when she finds herself really alone the awakening may try her strength even beyond the point yet reached. The result cannot be foretold.

When the sad cortege arrived at the White House the hearse stopped under the Port Cochere. The body bearers took the coffin on their broad shoulders and passing up the three or four steps, waited until President Roosevelt and the members of the cabinet had alighted from their carriages and then followed them through the wide open doors into the East Room.

Just in the center of the room under the great crystal chandelier they deposited their precious burden upon a black draped base, and stood at salute while the new chief executive and the cabinet members with bowed heads passed by. Following them came the chief officers of the army and navy now in line, the guard of honor consisting of officers of the Loyal Legion, members of the Union Veteran's Union and the Grand Army of the Republic.

The casket had been placed lengthwise of the East Room, the head to northward. Piled about it were a half hundred floral emblems of exceptional beauty and as many more were placed in the inside corridor until to-morrow. Two marines, a soldier and a sailor, stood guard, one at each corner of the casket, while seated on either side were two members of the Grand Army and two members of the Loyal Legion.

STATE FUNERAL.

The Skies Wept, in Harmony With the Nation's Grief.

Washington, Sept. 17.—The state funeral day of the late President McKinley opened as sombre as the occasion. The sky was overcast with dark, slow moving, gray clouds, occasional spasms of rain fell, giving way for momentary intervals to gleams of dull sunshine and a soft wind barely stirred into relief the signs of mourning on building fronts that told as well as the subdued air of the public that this was a day of sorrow. Thursday the last that was mortal of William McKinley will be committed to earth at Canton with services as personal as the national character and interest in its executive will permit. To-day was the occasion when the nation was to pay its last tribute of respect and admiration at the bier of the dead President. All the country had sent here its representatives to testify that the dead had his place deep in the national heart. Other nations had ordered their diplomatic and military representatives to be present as a token that they mourned with America in its loss. Ex-President Cleveland was here to take part in the ceremonies and like President Roosevelt, paid his tribute first in private at the White House and later at the public services in the rotunda of the capitol. The King of Great Britain was present in the person of Mr. Gerard Lowther, charge of the British embassy, whom Edward had specially commissioned to participate in the services as his personal representative.

President Roosevelt arrived at 8:50 o'clock accompanied by his wife and his sister and went immediately to the blue parlor where they were joined by the members of the cabinet. The President wore a frock coat with a band of crepe on the left arm. Mrs. McKinly arose earlier than usual to prepare for the ordeal. She had rested quite well during the night, but her pale face told plainly of her sufferings. She gave no sign of collapse, however, and her physician confidently believes that she will keep up her strength and courage to the end.

Senator Hanna reached the White House only a short time before the procession was to move. His face looked drawn, and leaning heavily on his cane it was painfully evident that he was suffering.

Borne From the White House.

At precisely 9 o'clock a silent command was given, and the body bearers silently and reverently raised to their stalwart shoulders the casket containing all that was mortal of the illustrious dead. They walked with slow cadenced step, and as they appeared at the main door of the White House, the marine band, stationed on the avenue opposite the mansion, struck up the hymn the dead President loved so well, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." There was perfect silence throughout the big mansion and as the last sad strains of the music died away the throng in the building lifted their heads, but their eyes were wet.

As the hearse moved away the mourners from the White House entered carriages, and followed the body on its march to the capitol, where the funeral services were to be held.

It was thought early in the morning that Mrs. McKinley might feel strong enough to attend the services there, but it was finally decided that it would be imprudent to tax her vitality more than was absolutely necessary, and so she concluded to remain in her room under the immediate care of Dr. Rixey, Mrs. Barber, her sister and her niece, Miss Barber.

Slowly down the White House driveway, through a fine drizzling rain, the solemn cortege wound its way down to the gate leading to the avenue, and halted. Then, with a grand, solemn swing, the artillery band began the "Dead March from Saul," a blast from a bugle sounded "March," and the head of the procession was moving on its way to the Capitol. The casket in a black carved hearse drawn by six coal black horses, caparisoned in black net with trimming tassels and a stalwart groom at the head of each, moved down through the gateway, and came to a stand alongside of the moving procession.

Major General John R. Brooke was at the head of the line, mounted on a splendid charger. Behind him came his aides, the red-coated artillery band, a squadron of cavalry with red and white guidons limp in the damp air, a battery of field artillery, with the men sitting straight and stiff as statues, a company of engineers, two battalions of coast artillery, and a detachment of the hospital corps. Then came the naval contingent of the first section, headed by the Marine band, who were followed by a battalion of marines, and one of sailors from the North Atlantic squadron, very picturesque and strong. As the National Guard of the District of Columbia brought up the rear of the first section of the parade, the waiting hearse wheeled slowly into line, the guards of honor from the army and the navy took up positions on either side of the hearse, and the funeral cortege proper took its appointed place behind a delegation of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Close behind the hearse came a carriage in which were seated ex-President Grover Cleveland, Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, and Gen. John M. Wilson. In a cariage drawn by four fine black horses, coming next, were President Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt and Commander W. S. Cowles, the President's brother-in-law. Then followed a line of carriages bearing all the members of the cabinet, a number of ex-members, and behind them the diplomatic corps.

Curtains were drawn so it was difficult to distinguish their occupants. Solemnly the funeral party wound down past the treasury building and into the broad sweep of Pennsylvania avenue amid a profound silence that was awful to those who only six months ago had witnessed the enthusiastic plaudits which greeted the dead man at the time of the inauguration.

The artillery band played a solemn dirge as with slow steps it led the sorrowful way from the avenue. All the military organizations carried their arms, but with colors draped and furled. The crowds were silent. All was sad, mournful and oppressive. The people stood with heads uncovered, and many bowed in apparently silent prayer as the hearse passed along. A slow, drizzling rain was falling.

After the carriages in which were the diplomats followed a long line of others containing the justices of the supreme court, the Senate and House committees appointed to attend the funeral, the local judiciary, the assistant secretaries of the several executive departments, members of the various government commissions and official representatives of the insular governments.

The remainder of the procession was composed of a large representation of local bodies of Knights Templars, over a thousand members of the Grand Army of the Republic, the United Confederate Veterans of the city of Washington and of Alexandria, Va., various religious and patriotic societies, including the Sons of the American Revolution, secret societies and labor organizations of the city. Scattered here and there at intervals were representatives of out-of-town organizations, including the Ohio Republican club, the Republican club of New York city, the New York Italian chamber of commerce and of the New York board of trade and transportation, the New York Democratic Honest Money League and the Southern Manufacturers' club of Charlotte, N. C.

Services in the Rotunda.

Washington, Sept. 17.—The funeral services at the capitol over the remains of the late President McKinley were simple and beautiful. They were of the form prescribed in the Methodist church. Two hymns, a prayer, an address and a benediction comprised all of it, yet the impression left at the end was of perfection.

The people were slow in gathering. Among the first comers were the army officers. General Randolph, chairman of artillery and in charge of the military arrangements, at the capitol, was first among these and soon afterwards came Gen. Gillespie, chief of engineers, and Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. Soon the number of officers became too great to distinguish between them and the rotunda began to light up with the flashes of gold lace and gilt buttons and flashing sword scabbards, scattered through the soberly dressed crowd of civilians. Before 10 o'clock the latter had assembled in such numbers as to fill the greater part of the seating space not reserved for the persons in the funeral procession who were to enter the rotunda.

Just at 10 o'clock Admiral Dewey made his appearance, accompanied by Gen. Otis, Gen. Davis and Gen. Ruggles. He glanced over the scene within and then took up his position at the eastern entrance where he was joined by the other members of the guard of honor.

A Great Hush Fell.

When the noise occasioned by seating the late comers had ceased, a hush fell upon the house and the choir softly sang "Lead, Kindly Light." Bishop Newman's divine anthem, while everyone stood in reverence.

At the conclusion of the hymn Rev. Dr. Henry R. Naylor, presiding elder of the Washington district, M. E. church, delivered the invocation while the distinguished company listened with bowed heads.

Rev. Naylor's Prayer.

"O, Lord God, our heavenly Father, a bereaved nation cometh to Thee in its deep sorrow. To whom can we go in such an hour as this but unto Thee? Thou only art able to comfort and support the afflicted.

"Death strikes down the tallest and best of men and consequent changes are continually occurring among nations and communities. But we have been taught that Thou art the same yesterday, today and forever; that with Thee there is no variableness nor the least shadow of turning. So in the midst of our grief we turn to Thee for help.

"We thank Thee, O Lord, that years ago Thou didst give to this nation a man whose loss we mourn to-day. We thank Thee for the pure and unselfish life he was enabled to live in the midst of so eventful an experience.

"We thank Thee for the faithful and distinguished services which he was enabled to render to Thee, to our country and to the world.

"We bless Thee for such a citizen, for such a law-maker, for such a governor, for such a President, for such a husband, for such a Christian example and for a friend.

"But, O, Lord, we deplore our loss to-day; sincerely implore Thy sanctifying benediction. We pray Thee for that dear one who has been walking by his side through the years, sharing his triumphs and partaking of his sorrows. Give to her all needed sustenance and the comfort her stricken heart so greatly craves. And under the shadow of this great calamity may she learn as never before the Fatherhood of God and the matchless character of His sustaining grace.

"And, O Lord, we sincerely pray for him upon whom the mantle of presidential authority has so suddenly and unexpectedly fallen. Help him to walk worthy the high vocation whereunto he has been called. He needs Thy guiding hand and Thine inspiring spirit continually. May he always present to the nation and to the world divinely illumined judgment, a brave heart and an unsullied character.

"Hear our prayer, O Lord, for the official family of the administration, those men who are associated with Thy servant, the President, in the administration of the affairs of government; guide them in all their deliberations to the nation's welfare and the glory of God.

"And now, Lord, we humbly pray for Thy blessing and consolation to come to all the people of our land and nation. Forgive our past shortcomings, our sins of omission as well as our sins of commission.

"Help us to make the golden rule the standard of our lives, that we may 'do unto others as we would have them do unto us,' and thus become indeed a people whose god is the Lord.

"These things we humbly ask in the name of Him who taught us when we pray to say: 'Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever. Amen.'"

As the pastor ceased the voices of the choir swelled forth, and the rich soprano notes of Mrs. Thomas C. Noyes led the hymn, "Sometime We'll Understand." The music was remarkably effective and touching as the notes came back in soft echoes from the fullness of the dome overhead. As soon as the hymn ceased Bishop Edward G. Andrews, of the Methodist Episcopal church, who had come from Ohio to say the last words over the remains of his lifelong friend and parishioner, arose. He stood at the head of the casket and spoke in sympathetic voice and with many evidences of deep emotion. The acoustic qualities of the rotunda do not favor such addresses and although the bishop spoke in clear and firm tones, the rippling echoes from all sides made it difficult for those a short distance from him to catch his words.

Bishop Andrews' Address.

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord, who of His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope of the resurrection of Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for us who are now, by the power of God, through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time.

"The services for the dead are fitly and almost of necessity, services of religion and of immortal hope. In the presence of the shroud and the coffin and the narrow home, questions concerning intellectual quality, concerning public station, concerning great achievements, sink into comparative insignificance; and questions concerning character and man's relation to the Lord and giver of life, even the life eternal, emerge to our view and impress themselves upon us.

"Character abides. We bring nothing into this world; we can carry nothing out. We ourselves depart with all the accumulations of tendency and habit and quality which the years have given to us. We ask, therefore, even at the grave of the illustrious, not altogether what great achievement they had performed, and how they had commended themselves to the memory and affection or respect of the world, but chiefly of what sort they were; what the interior nature of the man was; what were his affinities. Were they with the good, the true, the noble? What his relation to the infinite Lord of the universe and to the compassionate Savior of mankind; what his fitness for that great hereafter to which he had passed.

"And such great questions come to us with moment, even in the hour when we gather around the bier of those whom we profoundly respect and eulogize and whom we tenderly love. In the years to come, the days and the months that lie immediately before us, will give full utterance as to the high statesmanship and great achievements of the illustrious man whom we mourn to-day. We shall not touch them to-day. The nation already has broken out in its grief and poured its tears, and is still pouring over them, over the loss of a beloved man. It is well. But we ask this morning of what sort this man is, so that we may perhaps, knowing the moral and spiritual life that is past, be able to shape the far-withdrawing future. I think we must all concede that nature and training and reverently be it said—the inspiration of the Almighty, conspired to conform a man admirable in his moral temper and aims. We, none of us, can doubt, I think, that even by nature he was eminently gifted. The kindly, calm and equitable temperament, the kindly and generous heart, the love of justice and right, and the tendency toward faith and loyalty to unseen powers and authorities—these things must have been with him from his childhood, from his infancy; but upon them superveced the training for which he was always tenderly thankful and of which even this great nation from sea to sea continually has taken note.

"It was a humble home in which he was born. Narrow conditions were around him; but faith in God had lifted that lowly roof, according to the statement of some great writer, up to the very heavens, and permitted its inmates to behold the things eternal, immortal and divine, and he came under that training.

"It is a beautiful thing that to the end of his life he bent reverently before that mother, whose example and teaching and prayer had so fashioned his mind and all his aims. The school came but briefly, and then came to him the church with a ministration of power. He accepted the truth which it taught. He believed in God and in Jesus Christ, through whom God was revealed. He accepted the divine law of the Scripture; he based his hope on Jesus Christ, the appointed and only Redeemer of men; and the church, beginning its operation upon his character at an early period of his life, continued even to its close to mold him. He waited attentively upon its ministrations. He gladly partook with his brethren of the symbols of mysterious passion and redeeming love of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was helpful of those beneficiencies and activities; and from the church to the close of his life, he received inspiration that lifted him above much of the trouble and weakness incident to our human nature, and blessings be to God, may we say, in the last and final hour, they enabled him confidently, tenderly to say: 'It is His will, not hours, that will be done.'

"Such influences gave to us William McKinley. And what was he? A man of incorruptible personal and political integrity. Suppose no one ever attempted to approach him in the way of a bribe; and we remember, with great felicitation at this time for such an example to ourselves, that when great financial difficulties and perils encompassed him, he declined to deliver all he possessed to his creditors; that there should be no challenge of his perfect honesty in the matter. A man of immaculate honesty, shall we say?

"No stain was upon his escutcheon; no syllable of suspicion that I ever heard was whispered against his character. He walked in perfect and noble self control.

"Beyond that this man had somehow wrought in him—I suppose upon the foundations of a very happily constructed nature—a great and generous love for his fellow men. He believed in men. He had himself been brought up among the common people. He knew their labors, struggles, necessities. He loved them; but I think beyond that it was to the church and its teachings concerning the fatherhood of God and universal brotherhood of man that he was indebted for that habit of kindness, for that generosity of spirit, that was wrought into his very substance and became him so that though he was of all men most courteous, on one ever supposed but that courtesy was from the heart. It was spontaneous, unaffected, kindly, attractive, in a most eminent degree. What he was in the narrower circle of those to whom he was personally attached, I think he was also in the greatness of his compressive love toward the race of which he was part. If any man had been lifted up to take to his purview and desire to help all classes and conditions of men, all nationalities beside his own, it was this man. Shall I speak a word next of that which I will hardly advert to, the tenderness of that domestic love which has so often been commented upon? I pass it with only that word. I take it that no words can set forth fully the unfaltering kindness and carefulness and upbearing love which belonged to this great man.

"And he was a man who believed in right, who had a profound conviction that the courses of this world must be ordered in accordance with everlasting righteousness, or this world's highest point of good will never be reached; that no nation can expect success in life except as it conforms to the eternal loss of the infinite Lord and pass itself in individual and collective activity according to that Divine will. It was deeply ingrained in him that righteousness was the perfection of any man and of any people. Simplicity belonged to him. I need not dwell upon it and I close the statement of these qualities by saying that underlying all and overreaching all and penetrating all there was a profound loyalty to the great King of the Universe, the author of all good, the eternal hope of all that trust in Him.

"And, now, may I say further that it seemed to me that to whatever we may attribute all the illustriousness of this man, all the greatness of his achievements—whatever of that we may attribute to his intellectual character and quality, whatever of it we may attribute to the patient and thorough study which he gave to the various questions thrust upon him for attention, for all his successes as a politician, as a statesman, as a man of this great country, those successes were largely due to the moral qualities of which I have spoken. They drew to him the hearts of men everywhere and particularly of those who best knew him. They called to his side helpers in every exigency of his career, so that when his future was at one time likely to have been imperilled and utterly ruined by his financial conditions, they who had resources, for the sake of helping a man who had in him such qualities, came to his side and put him on the high road of additional and larger successes. His high qualities drew to him the good will of his associates in political life in an eminent degree. They believed in him, felt his kindness, confided in his honesty and in his honor. His qualities even associated with him in kindly relations those who were his political opponents. They made it possible for him to enter that land with which he as one of the soldiers of the Union had been in some sort at war and to draw closer the tie that was to bind all the parts in one firmer and indissoluble union. They commanded the confidence of the great body of congress, so that they listened to his plans and accepted kindly and hopefully and trustfully all his declarations. His qualities gave him reputation, not in this land alone, but throughout the world, and made it possible for him to minister in the style in which he has within the last two or three years ministered to the welfare and peace of human kind. It was out of the profound depths of his moral and religious character that came the possibilities of that usefulness which we are all glad to attribute to him. And will such a man die? Is it possible that he who created, redeemed, transformed, uplifted, illumined such a man will permit him to fall into oblivion? The instincts of morality are in all good men. The divine word of the scripture leaves us no room for doubt. 'I,' said one whom he trusted, 'am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.'

"Lost to us, but not to his God. Lost from earth, but entered heaven. Lost from these labors and toils and perils, but entered into the everlasting peace and ever advancing progress. Blessed be God who gives us this hope in this hour of our calamity and enables us to triumph through Him who hath redeemed us.

"If there is a personal immortality before him, let us also rejoice that there is an immortality and memory in the hearts of a large and ever growing people who through the ages to come, the generations that are yet to be, will look back upon this life, upon its nobility and purity and service of humanity, and thank God for it. The years draw on when his name shall be counted among the illustrious of the earth. William of Orange is not dead. Cromwell is not dead. Washington lives in the hearts and lives of his countrymen. Lincoln with his infinite sorrow lives to teach us and lead us on. And McKinley shall summon all statesmen and all his countrymen to purer living, nobler aims, sweeter faith and immortal blessedness."

The address lasted only a bare quarter of an hour. As the bishop concluded, everyone in the vast rotunda rose, and, the choir intoning the air, hundreds of voices joined in the grand old hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

It was an affecting moment. In the midst of the singing, Admiral Robley Evans, advancing with silent tread, placed a beautiful blue floral cross at the foot of the casket.

The last notes died away softly, and, with uplifted hands, the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. W. H. Chapman, acting pastor of the Metropolitan church. This ended the religious service.

There was a pause for a few minutes, while the ushers cleared the aisles, and the assemblage began to withdraw. First to retire was President Roosevelt, and as he went he was left, preceded a short distance by Major McCawley and Capt. Gilmore, with Col. Bingham and Capt. Cowles almost pressing against him.

The remainder of the company retired in the order in which they entered, the cabinet members following the President, and after them going the diplomatic corps, the supreme court, senators and representatives, officers of the army and navy, and officials of less degree.

A FEW FACTS

About the New Catarrh Cure.

The new Catarrh Cure is a new departure in so-called catarrh cures because it actually cures, and is not simply a temporary relief.

The new Catarrh Cure is not a salve, ointment, powder nor liquid, but a pleasant tasting tablet containing the best specifics for catarrh in a concentrated, convenient form.

The old style of catarrh salves and ointments are greasy, dirty and inconvenient at the best, the new preparation being in tablet form is always clean and convenient.

The new Catarrh Cure is superior to catarrh powders because it is a notorious fact that many catarrh powders contain cocaine.

The new catarrh cure is called Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, a wholesome combination of blood root, beechwood tar, guaiacol and other antiseptics, and cures by its action upon the blood and mucous membrane, the only rational treatment for catarrhal trouble.

You do not have to draw upon your imagination to discover whether you are getting benefit from Stuart's Catarrh Tablets; improvements and relief are apparent from the first tablet taken.

All druggists sell and recommend them. They cost but 50 cents for full sized packages and any catarrh sufferer who has wasted time and money on sprays, salves and powders, will appreciate to the full the merits of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets.

A little booklet on cause and cure of catarrh sent free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

IN FOREIGN LANDS.

Demonstrations of Respect and Grief for America's President.

Paris, Sept. 14.—The news of President McKinley's death became known here generally about 10 o'clock, and the central portion of the city immediately bristled with furled and crepe-draped American flags. The United States embassy and consulate, all the hotels and American business houses and the establishments of many French firms on the Avenue de l'Opera, the Rue de La Paix, the main boulevards and in the Champs-Elysees quarter displayed this mark of respect.

The United States embassy had not received official notification of the President's death when the Associated Press dispatch announcing it arrived, and, at half-past nine the news was communicated to the embassy. Ambassador Porter, who has not been well for the past fortnight, was deeply affected by receipt of the day's intelligence. He had undergone a very painful but not dangerous operation for a local trouble the previous day, and was upset yesterday by the sudden change for the worse in Mr. McKinley's condition. His physican, therefore, ordered that he should have complete repose, and forbade that the news of the President's death be communicated to him this morning. He will be notified later in the day.

Minister of Foreign Affairs Delcasse called at the embassy about 10 o'clock, but could not be received. A few minutes later President Loubet drove up. The ambassador's physican received him and explained that the news had thus far been kept from Ambassador Porter, and that it was deemed inadvisable to allow him to receive any one. President Loubet expressed deep sympathy with the ambassador, and asked that the latter be informed of his visit, and that he intended personally to convey condolences over the loss sustained by the American people. He then departed.

In London.

London, Sept. 14.—King Edward telegraphed to Ambassador Choate as follows:

"Most truly do I sympathize with you and the whole American nation at the loss of your distinguished and ever-to-be-regretted President. (Signed) "EDWARD REX."

Ambassador Choate arrived at the embassy from Scotland at an early hour this morning. No official news of President McKinley's death had been received there prior to his arrival, but the Associated Press dispatches announcing the death of the President were taken as sufficient justification for the lowering of the flag upon the embassy to half-mast. As the crowds hurrying to work passed the embassy, many persons bared their heads upon seeing the mournful droop of the flag. Callers commenced to come early and write their names in the book opened for the purpose of condolences. The first of these was Mr. Charles Spencer Francis, United States minister to Greece, who is now in London.

On the Mansion house and other public and private buildings the flags were quickly placed at half-mast.

All the papers are issuing extras lined with deep black and sympathy is universally expressed.

The lord mayor sent to United States Ambassador Choate the following message:

"The citizens of London are profoundly moved and deeply affected by the sad intelligence of President McKinley's death. They had hope, that, under Providence, so valuable a life might have been spared for the welfare of his country. In their name I beg to tender to your excellency heartfelt sympathy and shall be grateful if you will convey it to Mrs. McKinley and the people of the United States. The eminent career and public services of Mr. McKinley are widely appreciated here, and will long be remembered by the British people, who, having themselves sustained the loss of a beloved sovereign, more keenly sympathize with the United States in the sudden removal of their distinguished President."

From the towers of Westminster Abbey, from the gray buildings where the government of the empire is administered, from the Mansion house and law courts, from churches, hotels and business and private houses in London, Union Jacks are floating at half-mast as a mark of sympathy for the murdered President. All the stock and commercial exchanges are closed.

At the United States embassy a quiet, sorrowful crowd, many of the visitors being in deep mourning, passes in and out, recording their respect for President McKinley.

Telegrams are pouring in from prominent Englishmen, societies and municipalities. It seems as if every little town in England is individually telegraphing an expression of sympathy and horror. Everything, as yet, is rather unsettled, but it is probable that a memorial service of imposing proportions will be held in Westminster Abbey, as was done at the time of the death of General Grant. Whether the British government will issue any official notification of mourning rests chiefly with King Edward.

Throughout the length and breadth of Europe feelings similar to those evinced in the British metropolis seem to have been evoked. Perhaps this is best voiced by the Vienna Neues Weiner Tageblatt, which says:

"The ocean is not wide enough to hold all the sympathy that is streaming from the old world to the new."

PRES. ROOSEVELT.

His Arrival at Buffalo, and Taking the Oath of Office.

Milburn House, Sept. 14.—President Roosevelt arrived in Buffalo at 1:40 and went to the house of Ansley Wilcox, where he arrived at 1:45. He went to the Milburn house to pay a visit of condolence to the grief-stricken wife before taking the oath. He will return to the Wilcox residence and be sworn in there as the cabinet arranged.

President Roosevelt drove up at 2:38 o'clock with a mounted policeman on either side of the carriage. Mr. Wilcox was with him, and Colonel Bingham opened the door of the carriage as the horses were pulled up, stopping at the curb before the entrance.

Two big American flags, on either side of the main entrance, were draped with black, and the new President of the United States, as he entered the house where his predecessor lay, passed between these patriotic badges of mourning.

PEARY'S WORK.

North Sidney, C. B., Sept. 13.—The Peary Arctic steamer, Erik, from Cape Sabine, Ellsmere Land, August 29, arrived here to-day. All well.

North Sydney, C. B., Sept. 13.—In a letter, dated Conger, April 4, 1901, Lieutenant Peary summarized the result of his year's work as follows:

"First—The rounding of the northern limit of the Greenland archipelago, the most northerly known land in the world, probably the most northerly land.

"Second—The highest latitude yet attained in the Western hemisphere (83 degrees, 50 north.)

"Third—The determination of the origin of the so-called 'poleocrystic ice.' (floe berg), etc, etc."

ATTACKED BY BOERS.

Pretoria, Sept. 12.—While Col. Monro's column was returning from Barkly East to Dordrecht it was attacked by the Boers under Commandants Fouchee and Malmpruh in Wolvekloof. The advance guard was well in the pass when a terrific fire was opened upon them from the heights above the Kloof. The British were in a precarious position on the flat, where there was little or no cover, but they rapidly unlimbered and returned a brisk fire. The fighting continued for some time. The British had four wounded. It is reported that the Boers had four killed and a considerable number wounded.

On the following morning a reconnoitering force with big guns cleared Wolvekloof of the Boers, who retreated in the direction of the Brakensburg. The British followed the burghers for a considerable distance, shelling them incessantly.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

London, Sept. 16.—The United States embassy, though not yet officially informed of the fact, learns that a memorial service in honor of the late President McKinley will be held in Westminster Abbey at 3 o'clock Thursday, at which seats will be reserved for the members of the government and the diplomatic corps. A memorial service also will be held simultaneously at St. Paul's cathedral, the Lord Mayor and the sheriffs of the city of London attending in state.

Many well known persons called at the United States embassy

BOARD OF INQUIRY.

Charges Against Rear Admiral Schley Being Investigated.

Washington, Sept. 12.—The naval court of inquiry, which is to pass upon the charges against Rear Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, growing out of the West Indian campaign and the battle of Santiago bay, convened at the Washington navy yard at 1 o'clock to-day. Never before in the history of the navy has an issue been presented of such supreme and universal interest, not only to the navy, but to the general public; with such conspicuous naval figures in the foreground of the controversy, others equally conspicuous as witnesses, adherents and spectators, and with the active head of the navy establishment, Admiral Dewey, presiding over this tribunal.

The interest in naval circles was shown by the distinguished array of officers of the highest rank who were present, together with a number of government officials. The area in the court reserved for the public was about two-thirds full.

There was little of the spectacular in the opening scene. It was marked by dignity and impressiveness, rather than by dramatic spirit.

The distinguished figures in the trial, including the members of the court—Admiral Dewey, and Rear Admirals Benham and Howison—and Admiral Schley, about whom the procedure centered, came to the court in civilian attire, and with little outward demonstration. But when the court convened all of the chief participants were in the showy uniforms of high rank, presenting a picture of striking brilliancy.

Admiral Dewey simply said in convening the court: "The court is open." Immediately after the court convened, the members retired at the instance of Judge Advocate Lemley to decide whether the court should sit with open or closed doors. Admiral Dewey announcing that this order would be followed instead of clearing the court room.

The court was absent about 15 minutes and when it returned the proceedings began in view of the public, without formal announcement. The first matter brought to the attention of the court was Admiral Schley's letter requesting the court of inquiry. This was read by Capt. Lemly.

Admiral Schley arose and said that with extreme regret he was obliged to challenge Admiral Howison, as a member of the court.

The following is the full text:

Rear Admiral W. S. Schley, in the exercise of his legal right of challenge, objects to Rear Admiral Henry L. Howison, upon the grounds—

First—That Rear Admiral Henry L. Howison has already formed and expressed an opinion on the merits of the case about to be investigated and that he is therefore ineligible for service as a member of this court.

Second—That Rear Admiral Henry L. Howison has already formed and expressed an opinion on the merits of the case about to be investigated, adversely to said Rear Admiral W. S. Schley, thereby indicating a bias and prejudice which renders him, said Rear Admiral Henry L. Howison, ineligible for service as a member of this court.

Third—That Rear Admiral Henry L. Howison, has, in connection with the subject matter about to be investigated, expressed an unfavorable opinion on the personal and professional characteristics of said Rear Admiral Schley, thereby indicating a bias and prejudice which renders him, said Rear Admiral Howison, ineligible for service as a member of this court.

Fourth—That Rear Admiral Henry L. Howison, in connection with the opinion formed and expressed by him upon the merits of the case about to be investigated, has instituted and announced a comparison between the acts and personal and professional characteristics of the principal parties to the present issue—viz., Rear Admirals Sampson and Schley—to the disadvantage and disparagement of the latter, thereby indicating a bias and prejudice which renders him, Rear Admiral Henry L. Howison, ineligible for service as a member of this court.

Admiral Schley introduced three witnesses in support of his allegation of unfitness on the part of Admiral Howison. They were Francis E. Frost, reporter of the Boston Record, who published an interview with Admiral Howison in which the latter was represented as reflecting upon Admiral Schley; William E. Spon, of New York, who claimed to have heard Admiral Howison say that Admiral Schley should have been court martialed; and Frank Nichols, of Yonkers, N. Y., who stated that Admiral Howison said to him that if Schley had been an officer in the English navy he would not have been allowed to retain his commission. All said Admiral Howison had given them the impression that he was prejudiced against Admiral Schley. When the last witness left the stand, Counsellor Raynor, for Admiral Schley, called attention to the fact that Admiral Howison had made no defense. The court then took a recess to permit Admiral Howison to formulate a statement.

The court took an informal adjournment at 2:25 to permit Admiral Howison to prepare his statement to Admiral Schley's charges.

Howison Excused.

Washington, Sept. 12.—The court sustains the objection to Admiral Howison and excuses him as a member of the court.

The Board Adjourned.

Washington, Sept. 14.—Admiral Dewey came to the city to-day from his country home and consulted with Capt. Lemly, the judge advocate of the Schley court of inquiry, respecting the effect of the President's death upon the proceedings of the court. While no announcement has yet been made, it is understood the court will meet Monday at the navy yard in accordance with the call issued yesterday by Admiral Dewey and that it will adjourn immediately until the day after the funeral of President McKinley, as a mark of respect to his memory.

Counsel for Rear Admiral Schley express themselves as satisfied with Rear Admiral Francis M. Ramsay as a member of the court in the place of Rear Admiral Howison.

No summons has been issued by Judge Advocate Lemly for Rear Admiral Sampson, and unless something unforeseen occurs later on in the case, he will not call Admiral Sampson to Washington on his own initiative. Captain Lemly has issued very few summonses so far and some of those already issued have been withdrawn and in addition he does not regard the testimony of Admiral Sampson as necessary in this case. If Admiral Schley's counsel, however, care to call Admiral Sampson, the judge advocate will issue the summons and his physical and mental condition will determine the character of his response.

I CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., N. Y.

MANY INJURED

In the Crush at the Capitol at the Funeral Services.

Washington, Sept. 17.—The opening of the doors of the rotunda of the capitol in order to permit an inspection of the remains of President McKinley caused a rush of the vast throng that had been congregated on the east side of the building since early morning. The result was that many women and children were badly hurt. The crowd brushed by the police cordon stationed at the foot of the steps as if it had been chaff. A terrible congestion on the top steps and at the entrance door followed. At the latter point there was such extreme pressure that numbers of women fainted. Many who thus became helpless were lifted up bodily and carried out over the heads of the crowd, while others, less fortunate, were trampled under foot and seriously bruised. Of the latter 12 or 15 were taken into the capitol. The room immediately under the rotunda where the President's remains lay in calm and peaceful repose was a temporary hospital, filled with screaming women lying prone upon improvised couches. One of them had a broken arm and another had suffered internal injuries, which caused excruciating pain. The office of the captain of police also was used to accommodate the injured, as were several other places about the building. It is estimated that no few than 50 women and children were injured to some extent, but most of them were able to go to their homes. A few were taken to the Emergency hospital.

Viewing the Remains.

As soon as the rotunda was cleared of those who had been invited to attend the religious services, the bier was prepared for the inspection of the general public. The floral offerings which covered the coffin were put aside and the lid was lifted from the head of the coffin. Some time was required to put things entirely in order and it was half past 12 before the throng which had been waiting from early morning on the outside was admitted.

As the coffin rested upon the catafalque it was just about high enough to permit of easy inspection by adults. The crowd entered through the east main door of the capitol and passed out through the west exit. The people came in double file, one line passing to the right and the other to the left of the casket. Only a hurried glance was permitted to any one as it was announced that the ceremony would close promptly at 6:30 o'clock. Whenever there was an attempt to linger, especially over the casket, as there was, in many instances, the person making it was admonished by the capitol police to "pass on," when they still remained they were pushed along. In this way about 130 people were enabled to view the remains every minute.

Pressure Was Terrific.

The pressure from the outside was terrific. Many women and children fainted and others were more or less hurt. The crowd consisted of men, women and children, and all colors and ages were represented. Many children were carried through the building in the arms of their parents. As the body of the dead President lay in state it was guarded by representatives of all branches of the nation's martial service, under command of Gen. W. F. Randolph, chief of artillery. Directly at the head of the casket stood a marine, who faced another at the foot. On each side of those two sentries the crowd passed. On either side of the marine at the head stood an artilleryman while the marine at the foot of the casket was flanked by seamen. Other artillerymen, seamen and marines formed a lane through which the people passed. Back of them on either side was a line of floral pieces. There were over a hundred of these. The whole scene was photographed scores of times. Apparently the throng was in an apprehensive state of mind for every time a flashlight picture was taken piteous screams were heard from the people about the entrance.

M'KINLEY'S CABINET.

Washington, Sept. 14.—Of the eight men who entered President McKinley's cabinet at the beginning of his first administration, only three remain. These are Secretary of the Treasury Gage, Secretary of the Navy Long and Secretary of Agriculture Wilson.

The greatest number of changes have taken place in the state department and the department of justice. Three men have served as the head of the state department since the 4th of March, 1897. The first of these was the late Hon. John Sherman, who surrendered his place in the senate to become the premier of Mr. McKinley's first cabinet. At the outbreak of the Spanish war he retired and was succeeded by Judge William Day, of the President's own city of Canton, who, when the war had closed, gave place to the present incumbent, Hon. John Hay, who had been Mr. McKinley's minister to Great Britian. All three were Ohio men.

The first attorney general under President McKinley was the present supreme court justice, Hon. Joseph McKenna. When he became a member of supreme court he was succeeded by Gov. Griggs, of New Jersey, and the latter was at his own request relieved at the beginning of the present term, Mr. P. C. Knox, the incumbent, assuming the office.

In each of the postoffice, war and interior departments there has been one change. Mr. Smith succeeded Mr. Gary in the postoffice department; Mr. Root, General Alger in the war department, and Mr. Hitchcock, Mr. Bliss in the interior department.

It is an interesting fact, recalled during the morning, that Elihu Root, now secretary of war, was present when Arthur took the oath of office when Garfield died. He was sent for by Arthur as soon as the news reached him, and by his advice, and also at the request of the members of Garfield's cabinet, the oath was administreded at 2 o'clock in the morning, by Justice Bradley, of New York.

BOND PURCHASES.

Washington, Sept. 13.—Secretary Gage has issued the following statement regarding bond purchases:

"The secretary of the treasury announces that the treasury department will resume to-day the purchase of bonds of the 3 per cent loans of 1908-18, the 4 per cent funded loan of 1907, and the 5 per cent loan of 1904, upon the basis of an interest return of 1.726 per cent, which represents the investment value of the 2 per cent consols of 1930, when selling at 106½ in the market.

"This is the same basis of purchase established by the department last April and which continued until the 10th instant, when the secretary invited proposals for the sale of bonds to the department. The time during which such proposals was limited to two days and expired yesterday evening, the 12th instant.

"In addition to the bonds of the loans above named the department will consider proposals for the purchase of bonds of the 4 per cent loan of 1925 at a price not to exceed 140 flat."

POSTOFFICES TO CLOSE

Washington, Sept. 16.—Acting Postmaster-General Shallenberger to-day issued the following order:

"Out of respect to the memory of our late President all postoffices will be closed on Thursday, September 19, after 10 o'clock a. m."

MOB TRIED

To Obtain the Assassin When the President Died.

Buffalo, Sept. 16.—Bold and desperate methods were resorted to by Superintendent Bull to insure the safety of Leon Czolgosz from mob attack when the announcement of President McKinley's death was made.

Just as soon as the impression became well formed Friday afternoon that President McKinley was dying a clamoring mob began forming about police headquarters, demanding the life of the assassin. Superintendent Bull did not greatly doubt his ability to withstand any attack that would be made, but he desired to make safety doubly assured. He determined to have Czolgosz removed from the headquarters to the penitentiary, but to have this move result in any practical good it was necessary that no knowledge of the transfer should become public.

Outside those who were determined to wreak summary vengeance upon the slayer of the President suspected that a move might be made to circumvent them. Scouts were out, and it was fully determined that should it be discovered that Czolgosz was being taken away a rush would be made upon the police, with the object of taking the prisoner away and hanging him before he could be rescued.

Superintendent Bull was cognizant of this plan, and to outwit the mob he called Assistant Superintendent Cusack into consultation. Many schemes were discussed by them, and they finally accepted one proposed by Cusack, which by its very daring best promised success.

Gradually the crowd outside the police headquarters swelled in numbers and became more clamorous. Frequent attempts were made to break through the police lines that were established close about the building. All of these were awarted. It was just as dusk was falling Friday night, just as President McKinley began to sink into the final sleep, that Cusack's plan was put into execution.

Two policemen, in full uniform, one full six feet tall, broad of shoulder and built in every way like a Hercules, the other several inches shorter, slight of stature, and with the face of a boy, together came down the broad stairway into Franklin street. Little attention was paid to them by the howling mob, through which they elbowed their way, the larger man in advance. After getting through the crowd they walked side by side up Franklin street to Swan, where a carriage was called, into which they got and drove off in the direction of Pennsylvania street.

Czolgosz, the assassin, the man most execrated of all others in the United States, was the smaller one of these two. He showed himself to be possessed of courage by the manner in which he faced the mob then clamoring for his life.

Elbowing and shouldering his way behind his more stalwart companion, he saw in each face an enemy, and he knew that a mere suspicion of the true situation meant he would be rent limb from limb. Not for one moment did he show the color of fear. With coolness equal to that exhibited by his companion, Czolgosz pushed along, a policeman in appearance, action and word. So well did he enact the part intrusted to him that until Saturday evening not a score of people in Buffalo knew of the method in which he removed from danger.

Once through the crowd the crisis was over. The ride to the penitentiary was without event. Czolgosz was placed in a cell about which a close guard was stationed.

PROCLAMATION

Of a Day of Mourning and Prayer for the Nation.

Milburn House, Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 16.—President Roosevelt last night issued the following proclamation:

"By the President of the United States of America—A Proclamation:

"A terrible bereavement has befallen our people. The President of the United States has been struck down; a crime committed, not only against the chief magistrate, but against every law-abiding and liberty-loving citizen.

"President McKinley crowned a life of largest love for his fellow-men, of most earnest endeavor for their well-being, by a death of Christian fortitude; both in the way in which he lived his life and the way in which, in the supreme hour of trial, he met his death, will remain forever a precious heritage of our people.

"It is meet that we as a nation express our abiding love and reverence for his life our deep sorrow for his untimely death. Now, therefore, I Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States of America, do appoint Thursday next, September 19, the day in which the body of our dead President will be laid in its last earthy resting place, as a day of mourning and prayer throughout the United States. I earnestly recommend all the people to assemble on that day in their respective places of divine worship there to bow down in submission to the will of Almighty God, and to pay out of full hearts their homage of love and reverence to the great and good President whose death has smitten the nation with bitter grief.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

"Done at the city of Washington the 14th day of September, A. D., one thousand nine hundred and one, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-sixth.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"By the President: John Hay, Secretary of State.

BISHOP WHIPPLE DEAD.

St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 16.—Bishop Henry B. Whipple, of the Protestant Episcopal church, died at 6 o'clock this morning at his home in Faribault, Minn.

Bishop Whipple, who has been seriously ill at his home in Faribault, was taken suddenly worse last night. He had a severe attack of angina pectoris about a week ago, but seemed to recover after the first few days' illness.

Henry Benjamin Whipple has been bishon of the Episcopal church in Minnesota since 1859. He was born in Adams, N. Y., February 15, 1832. He was ordained in 1850, and was rector of Zion church, in Rome, N. Y., and later of the Church of Holy Communion, in Chicago. He was one of the foremost in the work of evangelizing the Indians, and founded and built the Seabury Divinity school, the Shattuck Military academy and St. Mary's hall, at Faribault.

After the Spanish-American war, Bishop Whipple spent some months in Porto Rico in the interest of his church.

ANARCHIST LITERATURE.

Washington, Sept. 12.—Officials of the postoffice department are busy planning to keep anarchist publications, including newspapers, circulars and literature of all kinds, out of the mail. It has not been decided what form the crusade will take, but an effective method of crippling the anarchists and preventing the dissemination of their inflammable teachings will be found.

FILIPINO BRIGANDS

Manila, Sept. 11.—A force of brigands recently attacked and plundered the town of Castillina, Island of Negros, which was guarded by Filipino police. Three of the latter were killed and five were wounded. Troops are now searching for the brigands in the mountains.

R. R. R. READY RELIEF

RADWAY'S

Radway's Relief is Absolutely Indispensable to every well-regulated household. It instantly relieves and quickly cures all Colds, Sore Throats, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Headache, Toothache and Pains of all Kinds. Internally for Malaria and all Bowel Pains. Sold by all Druggists.

CZOLGOSZ'S TRIAL.

He Will Be Brought to Answer at Once for His Crime.

Buffalo, Sept. 17.—Leon F. Czolgosz, alias Fred Nieman, was indicted yesterday by the county court grand jury for the crime of murder in the first degree, in fatally shooting President William McKinley at the Temple of Music, in the Pan-American exposition grounds, at 4:15 o'clock on the afternoon of September 6.

When arraigned before Judge Edward K. Emery, in the county court, the prisoner stubbornly refused to answer questions repeatedly asked of him by District Attorney Penney as to whether he had counsel or wanted counsel. The district attorney then suggested that, inasmuch as the defendant refused to answer, counsel should be assigned.

Judge Emery assigned Hon. Loran L. Lewis and Hon. Robert C. Titus, former supreme court justices of this city, whose names had been suggested by the Erie County Bar association.

CHINESE TROOPS RE-ENTER PEKIN

PEKIN, Sept. 17.—The Chinese troops re-entered Pekin to-day. The Americans and Japanese simultaneously handed over the Forbisden City to the Chinese authorities.

EMMA GOLDMAN A RUSSIAN SPY

Washington, Sept. 17.—There are good reasons to believe that Emma Goldman, while posing as an anarchist, is in reality a paid spy of the Russian government. A well known Russian of this city and for years in close touch with high officials of the czar, made the following statement in regard to this matter:

"Emma Goldman is a Russian spy and in the pay of the third section of the police of that country. She was and I believe is constantly in communication with the czar and the Russian consul general at New York, and her work for that government is very effective. The pay of the Russian government is her real source of income. I would like to have Miss Goldman asked the following questions:

"'How many interviews did you have with Alexander Orlarovski, former consul general of Russia at New York?

"'Did you know the Ginsberg woman who was arrested at the winter palace, St. Petersburg, in 1891 for an attempt on the life of the czar?

"'How many interviews did you have with Consul General Peploff, who succeeded Orlarovski at New York?'

"Whatever her replies may be to these questions, I can state with absolute truth that it was through Emma Goldman's instrumentality that Miss Ginsberg was arrested in front of the winter palace as she was waiting a chance to kill the czar. I will also make an affidavit to the effect that I saw a secret communication sent by Miss Goldman to Orlarovski while the latter was in New York:

"It was as follows:

"'I would like to meet you at 8 o'clock to-night at the corner of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Sixth avenue. I have important communications to you, and for God's sake destroy this paper, for it may endanger my life.'

"I am in position to state that Goldman was regularly giving information to the Russian consul general."

JENNIE WADE MONUMENT.

Gettysburg, Pa., Sept. 11. The 16th of this month has been decided upon for the dedication of the Jennie Wade monument in the Gettysburg National cemetery. The monument is singular in three respects. It is erected to the memory of the only woman killed in the

battle of Gettysburg. It is erected by the Woman's Relief Corps of Iowa, and the monument itself was made by a woman, Mrs. Anna M. Miller, of Gettysburg, who, at the death of her husband, succeeded to his trade of a marble worker.

The monument stands twelve feet in height. The base is of Barre granite, and is five feet square. This is surmounted by a fine statue of the dead girl, made by an Italian sculptor of marble found in that country.

DEATH MASK MADE.

Milburn House, Buffalo, Sept. 16.—A death mask of the President's face was made at 7:20 o'clock. The mask was taken by Eduard L. A. Pausch, of Hartford, Conn. Pausch has modeled the features of many of the distinguished men who have died in this country in recent years. The mask is a faithful reproduction of the late President McKinley's features.

CONDOLENCES.

Washington, Sept. 16.—The state department has made public a large number of cablegrams from all quarters, expressing the deepest sympathy and condolence at the death of the President.

DEWEY CORRECTED HIM.

Washington, Sept. 12.—In asking Admiral Schley for a designation of his witnesses, Capt. Lemly referred to the admiral as the "accused." Admiral Dewey promptly called his attention to the error and the judge advocate general corrected it, referring to him then as "the applicant."

THE G. A. R.

National Encampment at Cleveland a Great Success.

Cleveland, Sept. 12.—The national convention of the Grand Army of the Republic opened this morning at the Euclid Avenue opera house with a large attendance. Intense interest was manifested by the delegates in the report of the committee on pensions, and it was generally believed that the convention would take some very radical action bearing on that subject.

The committee on credentials reported that the roll prepared by the adjutant general was correct, and should be adopted.

The roll showed a total voting strength of 1,340, including delegates department commanders and past department commanders.

Reports of Officers.

The report of the adjutant general, F. M. Sterrett, showed that the total membership June 30, 1901, was 269,507, in 6,678 posts. The gains during the last year were 30,019, and the losses 37,172—by death 8,166, and by suspension 16,262. The number dropped from the rolls, having been previously suspended was 7,722. The number on the rolls June 30, 1901, including 25,550 suspended, was 295,057.

The states in which there are over two thousand members are as follows: California and Nevada, 4,792; Colorado and Wyoming, 2,117; Connecticut, 4,597; Illinois, 22,132; Indiana, 15,859; Iowa, 12,878; Kansas, 13,351; Kentucky, 2,588; Maine, 6,441; Maryland, 2,528; Massachusetts, 18,097; Michigan, 14,554; Minnesota, 6,115; Missouri, 10,965; Nebraska, 5,633; New Hampshire, 3,391; New Jersey, 5,373; New York, 30,143; Ohio, 25,111; Pennsylvania, 28,505; Vermont, 3,568; Washington and Alaska, 2,501; Wisconsin, 9,539.

The amount expended for relief during the year was $119,326.

Referring to the Southern Memorial fund, the adjutant general says: "The importance of aiding our comrades of the southern states and their successors in the important object lesson of placing the flag of the Union on the graves of our fallen, lying in national and other cemeteries of that section on Memorial Day each year, for all time to come, urges us to adopt the best method towards securing that end."

The report of August Drahms, chaplain-in-chief, showed that 2,749 posts observed Memorial Day services, 92,700 of the comrades participating, as did 2,064 women's relief corps with 14,600 members. The number of cemeteries visited was 10,686 and the number of graves decorated 312,846. The public schools participating were 3,603, and the number of pupils 278,286. Other organizations which took part in the ceremonies numbered 2,296.

The Harris Bill.

The committee on legislation reported as follows:

Your committee regretfully acknowledges the defeat of the Harris bill (S. 5,417) in the Fifty-sixth Congress, but strongly urges that this measure be again presented to the Fifty-seventh Congress by a committee to be approved by the incoming commander-in-chief.

Section 1,754 of the revised statutes of the United States provides that persons honorably discharged from the military or naval service by reason of disability resulting from wounds or sickness incurred in the line of duty shall be preferred for appointments to civil offices, provided they are found to possess the business capacity necessary for the proper discharge of the duties of such office.

The amendment embodied in the Harris bill was designed to broaden the scope of this section of the law, in order to include within the preference all who received honorable discharges from the service. Under the present law a large number of soldiers and sailors who were wounded and who served for years afterwards are excluded, and in many cases preference given to some who saw but little service. But few veterans are now living who came within the preference provided in section 1,754.

The second session of the Fifty-fifth Congress Senate bill No. 3,256 granted the privilege of preference as outlined in the Harris bill to include all who had received honorable discharges. It was also favorably reported from the committee on reform in the civil service of the House of Representatives, but on the plea that the committee had not met and considered the bill the vote to report it was on a canvass of the members on the floor of the Senate a majority agreeing thereto—a motion was made by Mr. Lodge, of Massachusetts, to recommit the bill to the committee. This proved to be the death knell of the amendment, for, although numerous efforts were made to secure its consideration, the bill never came before the House.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 13.—Judge Eli Torrance, of Minneapolis, was unanimously elected commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic at today's session of the annual convention.

Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, of New York, withdrew from the fight, leaving the field to Stewart and Torrance. The western man had been quietly gaining in strength on his own personality since the opening of the encampment. The withdrawal of Sickles also threw a heavy vote to Torrance, so that when the balloting commenced, the latter had a walk-away. The balloting stood 230 to 476 in favor of Torrance, when Comrade Wagner, who had the Stewart interests in hand, moved to make Torrance's election unanimous.

The election of officers was the only business before the convention to-day, all other business, including the report of the pension committee, having been referred to the council of administration.

THE ASSASSIN'S FATHER.

Cleveland, Sept. 16.—The father of the assassin of President McKinley has not slept or eaten anything since Saturday morning. Since the death of the President he has become moody and has lost his appetite.

A younger brother of the assassin says that his father is heart-broken as a consequence of the death of the President.

Leon Czolgosz, when a boy on his father's farm, owned a rifle and a revolver with which he used to shoot crows and other small game. Thus he became familiar with firearms.

Chief of Police Corner has returned from Buffalo, but made no attempts to see Czolgosz while there. He is still disinclined to believe that any definite plan to kill the President existed.

SPEAKER HENDERSON.

New York, Sept. 14.—David B. Henderson, of Iowa, speaker of the national house of representatives, and Mrs. Henderson, returned on the steamship St. Paul to-day after a two months' trip abroad. Speaker Henderson was very much affected when he heard the news of the death of President McKinley.

"The death of President McKinley is a blow to me," he said. "I feel as though I had lost a brother. He was my personal friend, a good man and a great character and one who well filled the Presidential position.

"He is dead, and his assassin still lives. Czolgosz was not killed by the mob when he struck the dastard blow, and this shows that law and order are supreme in this land.

"Our eyes turn to the future, and I have no fear for the government to come, as it is in able hands."

Prussian Tariff.

Berlin, Sept. 11.—The Prussian ministry of commerce will begin conferences regarding the new tariff September 20.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

The Notorious Anarchist Put Under Arrest in Chicago.

Chicago, Sept. 12.—The police of Washington and Buffalo are to-day looking for Charles T. Lafon, a Washington colored man, who was recently employed in the government building at the Buffalo exposition.

The following telegram signed "Prof. Charles T. Lafon" and dated "Washington, D. C., Sept. 11," was received by Chief of Detectives Colleran here last night:

"Hold Emma Goldman; I have proof to convict her in Buffalo."

Chief Bull, of Buffalo, to-day sent the following to Captain Colleran:

"One Charles T. Lafon was employed in the government building and left here two days ago."

Chief Sylvester, of Washington, also wired the local police, stating that he had been unable to locate Lafon up to this morning.

While Captain Colleran is inclined to repose little confidence in the message signed by "Professor Lafon" he said to-day that he was awaiting further information from the East on the subject.

Miss Goldman Is Cheerful.

Emma Goldman spent a comfortable night and was extremely cheerful when she arose to-day. She was not allowed to see the newspapers, but when told that the tenor of dispatches indicated a lack of evidence against her she smiled and said:

"The gentlemen seem to be coming to their senses."

She then said:

"I would nurse the President of this country as tenderly as I would a hard working man whose hands were soiled with toil.

"If I were not in jail and if the people about the President would let me, I would nurse him and nurse him well. To me the President is simply a sick man. I am a trained nurse, and I have the sympathy of a woman; the sympathy of an anarchist for suffering mankind. I would not be an anarchist—I could not be without sympathy.

Anarchy Is Sympathy.

"It is not sympathy for a ruler, but sympathy for the man—the man who suffers, for the wife who suffers. But what I have said I do not mean to retract other statements I have made of my opinion of the President. As a President my opinion of Mr. McKinley is not high. Last winter I nursed back to health a woman who was an intimate friend of a Philadelphia detective on whose testimony I served a term of seven months in 1893. The officer met me unexpectedly, and in affright begged me not to revenge myself on the woman for the suffering she had caused me. I told him he did not understand anarchy, but I guess he understands now, for never was woman more tenderly nursed than was this friend of my persecutor."

Miss Goldman denied that there was such a thing as a constitution by which anarchists were governed.

Chicago, Sept. 11.—When the defendant was escorted back to the court room Justice Prindiville said to her:

"Your lawyers do not seem to be inclined to come."

Miss Goldman: "I learn that they are very busy with the other cases, so we will leave it. It doesn't matter. I can take charge of the case myself."

Prosecutor Owens: "I renew my motion to continue the case until the 19th, and that she be held without bail."

Miss Goldman demanded a hearing and asked that she be admitted to bail.

The Court (to Mr. Owens): "Why do you want a continuance?"

Owens—"The absence of material witnesses. I propose to show that Emma Goldman conspired together with the other nine defendants to assassinate President McKinley, and until such time as we receive further information from Buffalo, I ask that your honor continue this case until the 19th, together with all the other defendants. She is charged with conspiracy to kill, and if President McKinley dies, she will be an accessory before the fact, and the principal, and will be just as guilty as Czolgosz. It is a capital offense and I do not think the offence is bailable under the circumstances of the case."

The Court—"Well, I will continue it until the 19th. What have you to say about the bail part of it, Miss Goldman?"

Miss Goldman—"I want to be put under bail as I asked because I believe the case is a trumped-up charge and has no evidence whatsoever."

M'KINLEY LEFT A WILL.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 16.—President McKinley has left a will. The instrument was executed some time before the shooting and at no time during his final suffering was there any wish or occasion to revise it or to frame a codicil. It leaves the bulk of his property to Mrs. McKinley. How much the estate is worth cannot be stated with exactness, by those most familiar with the President's business affairs, but it is believed to be a goodly sum, although not amounting to a large fortune.

AMERICA'S CUP RACE.

New York, Sept. 16.—The challenge committee of the New York Yacht club in conference with the representatives of the Royal Ulster Yacht club, have decided that the first race for the America's cup shall take place on Thursday, September 26. The second race shall take place Saturday, September 28.

The Markets.

WEEKLY TRADE REPORT.

New York, Sept. 14.—R. G. Dun & Company's weekly review of trade says:

For a time projected undertakings were abandoned, and orders held back that were about to be placed. Speculators sacrificed stocks and options on grain and cotton. Better news early in the week brought recovery in prices, and postponed business was transacted, but anxiety was again in evidence on Friday. After the crisis there will be a return to former conditions, because the solid foundation of the country's prosperity is too deep to be permanently disturbed.

In the principal manufacturing industry there is a steady gain in the number of active mills, and full operating is considered near. Less urgency for immediate delivery of goods, and less inclination to pay premiums on the part of well-posted men, suggest that these consumers anticipate a return to normal activity with little delay. Mills thus accepting contracts for delivery of steel rails far into 1902 at $28 so that no change in price is near. Finished steel is freely taken whenever producers have goods to offer at reasonable terms, and the increased force in the tin plate mills promises to reduce high prices and decrease imports. Statistics of pig iron by the Iron Age contained some surprises. Notwithstanding the closing of four furnaces of the National Steel Company, the weekly capacity of furnaces in blast on September 1, was 299,861 tons, a decrease of only 3,986 tons from the figures of August 1. Instead of a large increase in furnace stocks, owing to the known decrease in consumption of steel mills, there appears a loss of 10,255 tons for the month of August. Evidently mill stocks must have been augmented very heavily.

Cotton was weaker, partly on account of full details regarding the old crop and new spindles, but still more because of light foreign buying and better prospects for the yield just beginning to be picked. Wheat did not respond to a lower government estimate, as the unofficial authorities still anticipate the greatest yield ever harvested in this country. Though exports from the United States have fallen below the unparalleled movement in August, the week's shipments aggregated 9,579,950 bu., flour included, against 3,676,288 last year and 3,510,848 in 1899. These figures do not include Canadian wheat which continues to go out freely.

Predictions that the yield of corn will be the smallest since 1894 did not prevent the marketing of 3,178,782 bu., compared with 3,262,265 a year ago, but exorbitant prices made exports from the Atlantic seaboard only 584,314 bu., against 2,474,629 last year and 3,031,643 in 1899.

Failures for the week numbered 175 in the United States, against 195 last year and 18 in Canada against 30 last year.

GRAIN MARKETS.

Toledo, Sept. 17.—Close—Prices in the grain market partook of the nature of a boom this morning, especially in corn, which went up with a rush on light trading. General confidence seemed to be the principal factor, together with frost talk and low temperature in the northwest. One authority said that it was a hurrah of the Chicago bull crowd, but be that as it may it was a sorry morning for the bears and the shorts were quickly driven to cover.

Wheat was also higher, taking strength from corn and better cables. Business, however, was rather dull.

Receipts of wheat at Chicago were 302 cars, of which 21 graded contract. Receipts at Minneapolis and Duluth were 1479 cars, compared with 1435 last week and 965 a year ago.

Wheat at Liverpool closed ¾d up at Paris 5 to 10 c. higher.

It is estimated that receipts at Chicago to-morrow will be 170 cars of wheat, 160 of corn and 190 of oats.

Total clearances to-day were 329,000 bushels of wheat and flour, 2,830 bushels of corn, and otes, 16,766.

The seaboard reports 12 loads of wheat and three of corn worked for export to-day.

Primary receipts were:

	To-day.	Last Year.
Wheat	2,663,000	1,333,000
Corn	502,000	878,000
Shipments:		
Wheat	876,000	1,086,000
Corn	861,000	454,000

Bradstreet's reports on the world's available supply of wheat:

East of the Rockies, increase	2,424,000
Europe, increase	100,000
Total	2,524,000
Corn, decrease	444,000
Oats, increase	542,000

Oats were upward with the remainder of the list, but business was dull.

Business in seed was not quite so lively. Prices on cash and October were maintained, but the December option was easier. Receipts, 2,130 bags; shipments, 1,000 bags. Receipts of alsyke, 50 bags.

Quotations at the close were:

Cash and September, $3.93; December, 68¾.

Oats—Cash and September, 38; December, 33½; May, 39¼.

Rye—56½.

Clover Seed—Prime, $5.42½; October, $5.40; December, $5.35; No. 2, $1.70@5.35; rejected, $4.20@4.60.

Timothy Seed—Prime, $2.45; No. 2, $2.30.

Alsyke—No. 2, $7.10; rejected, $5.50.

Following are the quotations from the various boards:

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	To-day Close.	Sept. 16 Close.
Cash	72¾	73½	72¾	73½	72
Sept.	72¾	73½	72¾	73½	72
Dec.	71¾	72¾	71¾	72¾	71½
May	74¾	75¾	74¾	75¾	74¼

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept.	68¾	69¾	68¾	69¾	68¾
Oct.	70¼	69¾	69¾	69¾	69¼
Dec.	70¾	72	70¾	71¾@72	70¾
May	74¼	75¼	74¼	75¼@75½	74¼
Corn—					
Sept.	56¾	58¾	56¾	58¾	56
Dec.	46¾	48¾	46¾	48¾	46¾
May	50	52¾	49¾	52¾	49¾
Oats—					
Sept.	35¼	35¾	34¾	35¾	34¾
Dec.	30¾	31¾	30¾	31¾	30
May	35¼	36¾	35¼	36¾	35¼

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept.	74¾	75¾	74¾	75¾	74¾
Dec.	76½	77¾	76½	77¾	76½
May	79¾	80¾	79¾	80¾	79¾
Corn—					
Sept.	63¾	63¾	63	63¾	63¾
Dec.	53	53¾	53	53¾	53
May	55¾	56¾	55¾	56¾	55¾

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Dec.	71¾	72¾	71¾	72¾	71¾
May	75	76	75	76	...

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Sept.	67¾	69¼	67¾	69¼	67¾
Dec.	67¾	69¼	67¾	69¼@¾	67¾

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Sept.	68¼	69¾	68¼	69¼	68¾
Dec.	68¼	69¾	68¼	69¼	68¾

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Sept.	$14.77	$14.82	$14.77	$14.80	$14.62
Oct.	14.77	14.85	14.75	14.80	14.70
Jan.	15.85	16.07	15.85	16.02	15.89
Lard—					
Sept.	9.62	9.67	9.62	9.67	9.55
Oct.	9.60	9.67	9.57	9.65	9.52
Jan.	9.20	9.35	9.20	9.32	...
Ribs—